

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND
Journal of the Belles Lettres, Science, and Art.

No. 1844.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1852.

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SOCIETY of ARTS.—The Society having determined to enlarge its Library, and render it more practically useful to the Members, by completing, as far as possible, special departments of Industrial Literature, particularly those including the Arts of Design, Manufactures, Commerce, and the Applied Sciences, request Booksellers and Publishers to forward Catalogues and Lists addressed to the Library Committee.
By order,
Adelphi, 14th May, 1852. GEO. GROVE, Secretary.

NORTHAMPTON MEMORIAL.—A Meeting was held on FRIDAY, the 14th inst., for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means of paying a tribute of respect to the memory of the late Marquis of Northampton, when it was determined that the best Memorial would be a Sepulchral Monument, to be placed in the new part of St. Sepulchre's Church at Northampton. The precise nature of such a monument would of course depend upon the amount of subscriptions received. Subscriptions, in furtherance of the above object, may be paid to the account of the Northampton Memorial Fund, at Messrs. Coates, the Northampton Bank; or to the Honorary Secretaries, the Rev. Edward Hill, Sheering, Harlow; M. Rhode Hawkins, Esq., British Museum.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Annual Examination for MATRICULATION in this University will commence on TUESDAY, the 6th of JULY.

The Certificate of age must be transmitted to the Registrar fourteen days before the Examination begins.

By order of the Senate,
R. W. ROTHMAN, Registrar.

Somerset House, 20th May, 1852.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the NEXT EXHIBITION of FLOWERS and FRUIT, in the SOCIETY'S GARDEN, will take place on SATURDAY, June 12, at 2 P.M.

Tickets, price 5s. each, can be procured at this Office, upon presenting the order of a Fellow, or on the day of the meeting, at Turnham Green, price 7s. 6d. each.

PRIVILEGE OF FELLOWS.—Each Fellow of the Society has free personal admission to these Exhibitions without a Ticket. A Fellow may also personally introduce a friend with an Admission Ticket at half-past Twelve, at Gate No. 4, in the Duke of Devonshire's Road; or, if unable to attend personally, the privilege may be transferred to a brother, sister, son, daughter, father, mother, or wife, residing in the Fellow's house, provided the person to whom the transfer is made be furnished with a Ticket signed by that Fellow.

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REVIEWS.

Stray Leaves from an Arctic Journal; or, Eighteen Months in the Polar Regions in Search of Sir John Franklin. By Lieut. Sherard Osborn, Commanding H. M. S. Vessel 'Pioneer.' Longman and Co.

We have read this intelligent narrative of the first steam-towed expedition that ever screwed through a frozen ocean with regretful interest, because it goes reluctantly to confirm the severe judgment we pronounced in September last on the conduct of Captain Austin, in turning his back on the very spot, of all others, in which further traces of Sir John Franklin were most likely to be found, at the very time, of all others, in which the best possible opportunity presented itself of following them up. In the autumn of 1850, there were assembled in Barrow Straits, Wellington Channel, right upon the track of the missing adventurers, and with unmistakable evidences of large open water, eight vessels and five hundred British and American seamen, all bent upon the same object, yet all left it for reasons, more or less valid, to some future explorer. "More than one of us," says Lieutenant Osborn, "regretted the prospect of this unsearched-for route remaining so, and the racing mania for Melville Island and Cape Walker bore for all of us its fruit—unavailing regret."

After wintering under Griffith's Island, and examining, by means of sledging parties, every route, within four or five hundred miles, but the right one, the ice began to break up, to the surprise of all, from the northward. The water was trying hard to get to them from the north, and eventually the ships were released and afloat, while yet all, in the direction homeward, was ice. In the midst of this encouraging state of things, a brave-hearted whaler who was there, Captain Penny, volunteered to proceed up Wellington Channel with one of the steamers. His offer was rejected. Under a vague impression of getting to the north water by way of Jones' Sound, Captain Austin ordered all back to Baffin's Bay, looked into a sound which he thought was probably Jones', and getting rather uncomfortably pushed about by icebergs, and cradled in floe-pieces, made the best of his way home, notwithstanding that the expedition was still provisioned for three winters. No attempt was made to return to Wellington Channel; yet here were evidences of open water in the very track of the lost expedition. "There was hardly a foot of the beach-line," says our author, "which did not show signs of the *Erebus* and *Terror* having been there before us, either in shooting excursions or other pursuits, and usually in the shape of a preserved meat tin, a piece of rope, or a strip of canvas or rag." Well may Lieutenant Osborn and his comrades confess to receiving a "sad downfall of their self-importance as Arctic heroes," when beset, on their return home, with the question, "What the deuce did you come home for?"

It is time, however, to give our readers a taste of the pleasant 'Leaves' before us; and only fair to the author to begin with his description of the little vessel under his command:—

"In the internal arrangements for meeting an arctic climate, we were on somewhat a similar plan to the ships,—some difficulties being presented by the large mass of cold iron machinery, which, of

course, acted as a rapid refrigerator. For the voyage out, the men were confined to a little place in the bows of the vessel, and from thence to the cabins of the officers, all was coal: a dead weight of 260 tons being originally carried from England, which we increased to 300 tons at the Whale Islands. This, at an average consumption of seven tons per diem, would enable us to tow the ships 3000 miles, or, steam alone, full 5000 miles, carrying twelve or eighteen months' provision. The crew consisted of thirty souls, all told, of which five were officers,—namely, a lieutenant in command and a second master, as executive officers; an assistant surgeon, who zealously undertook the superintendence of the commissariat, both public and private, and two engineers, to look after the steam department. These occupied the smallest conceivable space in the after-end of the steamers; and, with separate cabins, had a common mess-place. Such were the arctic screws."

Coasting up the east side of Greenland to Disco Island, the immense fields of moving ice presented formidable barriers to their progress. In these dilemmas the ingenious plan was adopted of cutting little docks in the land floes of fixed ice, for sheltering their vessels while the moving ice floated past.

"A report from deck, that the ice was coming in before a southerly gale, finished our dinner very abruptly, and the alteration that had taken place in a couple of hours was striking. A blue sky had changed to one of a dusky colour,—a moaning gale sent before it a low brown vapour, under which the ice gleamed fiercely,—the floes were rapidly pressing together. Two whalers were already nipped severely, and their people were getting the boats and clothing out ready for an accident.

"The sooner we are all in dock, the better," said Captain S., as he hurried away to get his own vessel into safety, and, almost as quickly as I can tell it, a scene of exciting interest commenced—that of cutting docks in the fixed ice, called land-floe, so as to avoid the pressure which would occur at its edge by the body of ice to seaward being forced against it by the fast rising gale. Smart things are done in the navy, but I do not think anything could excel the alacrity with which the floe was suddenly peopled by about 500 men, triangles rigged, and the long saws (called ice-saws) used for cutting the ice, were manned. A hundred songs from hoarse throats resounded through the gale; the sharp chipping of the saws told that the work was flying; and the loud laugh or broad witticism of the crews mingled with the words of command and encouragement to exertion given by the officers.

"The pencil of a Wilkie could hardly convey the characteristics of such a scene, and it is far beyond my humble pen to tell of the stirring animation exhibited by some twenty ships' companies, who knew that on their own exertions depended the safety of their vessels and the success of their voyage. The ice was of an average thickness of three feet, and to cut this saws of ten feet long were used, the length of stroke being about as far as the men directing the saw could reach up and down. A little powder was used to break up the pieces that were cut, so as to get them easily out of the mouth of the dock, an operation which the officers of our vessels performed whilst the men cut away with the saws. In a very short time all the vessels were in safety, the pressure of the pack expending itself on a chain of bergs some ten miles north of our present position. The unequal contest between floe and ice-berg exhibited itself there in a fearful manner, for the former pressing onward against the huge grounded masses was torn into shreds, and thrown back piecemeal, layer on layer of many feet in elevation, as if mere shreds of some flimsy material, instead of solid, hard ice, every cubic yard of which weighed nearly a ton.

"By midnight all fears for the safety of the vessels had ceased; indeed, as far as our searching ships had been concerned, there never had been much cause for fear, the operation of docking hav-

ing been carried out by us more for the sake of practice than from necessity. We were tightly beset until the following evening, when the ice as suddenly moved off as it had come together; and then a scene of joyful excitement took place, such as is only to be seen in the arctic regions—every ship striving to be foremost in her escape from imprisonment, and to lead ahead."

The *Pioneer* met, however, with a terrible nip in Barrow's Straits, every timber and plank cracking and groaning, the vessel thrown considerably over on her side and lifted, the bulkheads cracking, the deck arching with the pressure on her sides, and the trenails and bolts breaking in small reports. Arrived in Melville Bay, the scene of solitude became one of energy and activity, resounding with—

"The hearty song, the merry laugh, and zealous labours of the crew; day after day the same difficulties to contend with, yet day after day met with fresh resolution and new resources; a wide horizon of ice, no sea in sight, yet every foot gained to the northward talked of with satisfaction and delight; men and officers vieing with one another in laborious duties, the latter especially, finding amongst a body of seamen, actuated by such noble and enthusiastic feelings, no necessity to fear an infringement of their dignity. The etiquette of the quarter-deck was thrown on one side for the good of the common cause; and on every side, whether at the capstan, at the track-line, hauling, heaving, or cutting, the officer worked as hard as the seaman,—each was proud of the other, and discipline suffered nought, indeed improved, for here Jack had both precept and example.

"If we had our labours, it is not to be wondered at that we had also our leisure and amusements, usually at night—a polar night robed in light—then, indeed, boys fresh from school never tossed care more to the winds than did the majority of us. Games, which men in any other class of society would vote childish, were entered into with a zest which neither grey hairs nor stout bodies in any degree had damped. Shouts of laughter! roars of 'Not fair, not fair! run again!' 'Well done, well done!' from individuals leaping and clapping their hands with excitement, arose from many a merry ring, in which 'rounders,' with a cruelly hard ball, was being played. In other directions the fiddle and clarionet were hard at work, keeping pace with heels which seemed likely never to cease dancing, evincing more activity than grace. Here a sober few were heaving quoits, there a knot of Solomons talked of the past, and argued as to the future, whilst in the distance the sentimental ones strolled about, thinking no doubt of some one's goodness and beauty, in honour of whom, like true knights, they had come thus far to win bright honour from the 'Giant of the North.'"

The discovery of the relics of the missing expedition at Beechey Island and Cape Riley, is narrated with a great deal of feeling:—

"It needed not a dark wintry sky nor a gloomy day to throw a sombre shade around my feelings as I landed on Beechey Island and looked down upon the bay, on whose bosom once had ridden her Majesty's ships *Erebus* and *Terror*; there was a sickening anxiety of the heart as one involuntarily clutched at every relic they of Franklin's Squadron had left behind, in the vain hope that some clue as to the route they had taken hence might be found.

"On the eastern slope of the ridge of Beechey Island, a remnant of a garden (for remnant it now only was, having been dug up in the search) told an interesting tale; its neatly shaped oval outline, the border carefully formed of moss, lichen, poppies, and anemones, transplanted from some more genial part of this dreary region, contrived still to show symptoms of vitality; but the seeds which doubtless they had sown in the garden had decayed away. A few hundred yards lower down, a mound, the foundation of a store-house, was next to be seen.

"It consisted of an exterior and interior embankment, into which, from the remnants left, we saw that oak and elm scantling had been stuck as props to the roofing; in one part of the enclosed space some coal-sacks were found, and in another part numerous wood-shavings proved the ship's artificers to have been working here. The generally received opinion as to the object of this store-house was, that Franklin has constructed it to shelter a portion of his superabundant provisions and stores, with which it was well known his decks were lumbered on leaving Whale Fish Islands.

"Nearer to the beach, a heap of cinders and scraps of iron show the armourers' working-place; and along an old watercourse, now chained up by frost, several tubs, constructed of the ends of salt-meat casks, left no doubt as to the washing-places of the men of Franklin's Squadron: happening to cross a level piece of ground, which as yet no one had lighted upon, I was pleased to see a pair of Cashmere gloves laid out to dry, with two small stones on the palms to prevent their blowing away; they had been there since 1846. I took them up carefully, as melancholy mementoes of my missing friends.

"The graves next attracted our attention; they, like all that English seamen construct, were scrupulously neat. Go where you will over the globe's surface, afar in the East, or afar in the West, down amongst the coral-girded isles of the South Sea, or here where the grim North frowns on the sailor's grave, you will always find it alike; it is the monument raised by rough hands, but affectionate hearts, over the last home of their messmate; it breathes of the quiet churchyard in some of England's many nooks, where each had formed his idea of what was due to departed worth; and the ornaments that Nature decks herself with, even in the desolation of the Frozen Zone, were carefully culled to mark the dead seamen's home.

"Arriving at the margin of a lake, which was only one of a series, and tasted decidedly brackish, though its connexion with the sea was not apparent, we found the site of a circular tent, unquestionably that of a shooting-party from the *Erebus* or *Terror*. The stones used for keeping down the canvass lay around; three or four large ones, well blackened by smoke, had been the fire-place; a porter-bottle or two, several meat-tins, pieces of paper, birds' feathers, and scraps of the fur of Arctic hares, were strewn about. Eagerly did we run from one object to the other, in the hope of finding some stray note or record, to say whether all had been well with them, and whither they had gone. No, not a line was to be found. Disappointed, but not beaten, we turned to follow up the trail."

Housed in for the winter under Griffith Island, in total darkness so far as the sun was concerned, the time was occupied in teaching the men to read and write, in playing chess and draughts, in painting, and in getting up masquerades and plays, such as we have already described in noticing the 'Illustrated Arctic News,' (see *ante*, p. 332.) The season of hybernation was not, however, occupied entirely with frivolous amusements. Some were employed in meteorological studies, and in endeavouring to construct a geographical theory of the regions yet unexplored beyond them; others were occupied in testing their means of communications. Rockets were fired with great effect, and answered by the searching party in Assistance harbour, twenty miles off. Balloons of oiled silk, capable, when inflated, of raising a pound weight, were also despatched, each having a slow match of five feet long, at intervals in which pieces of coloured paper and silk, conveying welcome intelligence, were liberated at different altitudes as the match burned. The *Assistance* despatched some of these from

near Barlow Inlet that were picked up on the opposite side of Wellington Channel, a distance of fifty miles. Carrier pigeons have been employed with astonishing success:—

"When first proposed, in 1850, many laughed at the idea of a bird doing any service in such a cause; and, may be, might have laughed yet, had not a carrier pigeon, despatched by Capt. Sir John Ross, from his winter quarters in 1850, actually reached its home, near Ayr, in Scotland, in five days. In our Expedition none of these birds had been taken; but on board the *Felix* Sir John Ross had a couple of brace. I plead guilty, myself, to having joined in the laugh at the poor creatures, when, with feathers in a half-moulted state, I heard it proposed to despatch them from Beechey Island, in 74° N. and 92° W., to the meridian of Greenwich and 56° N. latitude, even though they were slung to a balloon for a part of the journey. At any rate it was done, I think, on the 6th October, 1850, from Assistance Harbour. Two birds, duly freighted with intelligence, and notes from the married men, were put in a basket, which was attached to a balloon in such a manner, that, after combustion of a certain quantity of match, the carrier pigeons would be launched into the air to commence their flight. The idea being that they would fetch some of the whaling vessels about the mouth of Hudson's Straits; at least so I heard. The wind was then blowing fresh from the north-west, and the temperature below zero.

"When we in the squadron off Griffith's Island, heard of the departure of the mail, the opinion prevalent was the birds would be frozen to death. We were mistaken; for, in about 120 hours, one of these birds, as verified by the lady to whom it had originally belonged, reached her house, and flew to the nest in which it had been hatched in the pigeon house. It had, however, by some means or other, shaken itself clear of the packet entrusted to its charge. This marvellous flight of 3000 miles is the longest on record."

Lastly, a scheme, which caused a great deal of fun, was adopted of enclosing information in collars secured to the necks of Arctic foxes, caught in traps and then liberated:—

"Several animals thus entrusted with despatches or records were liberated by different ships; but, as the truth must be told, I fear in many cases the next night saw the poor 'postman,' as Jack facetiously termed him, in another trap, out of which he would be taken, killed, the skin taken off, and packed away, to ornament, at some future day, the neck of some fair Dulcinea.

"The departure of a postman was a scene of no small merriment: all hands, from the captain to the cook, were out to chase the fox, who, half frightened out of its wits, seemed to doubt which way to run; whilst loud shouts and roars of laughter, breaking the cold, frosty air, were heard from ship to ship, as the fox-hunters swelled in numbers."

Sledging after the fashion of Greenland, with dogs imported from thence, was a useful and favourite sport. healthful journeys being accomplished by this means of forty miles in a day:—

"Nothing, I conceive, can be more exhilarating than dog-sledging in the Arctic Regions on a fine day, especially when, as in my case, the whole affair has the charm of novelty. The rattling pace of the dogs, their intelligence in choosing the road through the broken ice; the strict obedience paid by the team to one powerful dog whom they elect as leader; the arbitrary exercise of authority by the said leader; the constant use of the whip, and a sort of running conversation kept up by the driver with the different dogs, who well knew their names, as in turn Sampson! Caniche! Foxey! Terror! &c., &c., were duly anathematised, afforded constant amusement."

But we now come to the most arduous service performed by the Polar navigators

during the expedition—the Grand Southern Search by means of sledges. Fifteen sledges, manned by 105 men and officers, equipped and provisioned for forty days, with a system of depôts and relays of further supplies, were prepared for this noble work:—

"On the 12th of April, the day calm and cold, some 50° below freezing point, a scene of bustle and merriment showed that the sledges were mustering previous to being taken to the starting point, under the north-west bluff of Griffith's Island, to which they marched with due military pomp in two columns, directed by our chiefs; our sense of decorum was constantly overthrown by the gambols of divers dogs, given to us by Captain Penny, with small sledges attached to them, on which their food, duly marked and weighed, with flags, mottoes, &c., in fact, perfect facsimiles of our own, were racing about, entangling themselves, howling for assistance, or else running between the men's legs and capsizing them on the snow, amidst shouts of laughter, and sly witticisms at the *tenders* as they were termed. Reaching the halting-place, tents were pitched, luncheon served out, and all of us inspected, approved of, ordered to fall in, a speech made, which, as was afterwards remarked, buttered us all up admirably; the thanks of our leader given to Mr. McClintock, to whose foresight whilst in England, and whose valuable information collated during his travelling experience under Sir James Ross, we were so entirely indebted for the perfect equipment we now had with us.

"The inspection over, we trudged back to our ships, Sunday being spent by the men in cooking and eating, knowing as they did that there were a good many banian days ahead; packing up and putting away their kits, and making little arrangements in the event of accidents to themselves. Monday was no day for a start; but on the evening of the 15th April the breeze slackened, and the temperature only some 14° below freezing point, we donned our marching attire, girded up our loins, and all hands proceeded to the sledges.

"As we shut in our wooden homes with a projecting point of Griffith's Island, the weather suddenly changed, and a fast increasing breeze enveloped us in snow-drift. Reaching the sledges, and shaking them clear from the snow of the last two days, a hasty cup of tea and a mouthful of biscuit were partaken of, a prayer offered up, beseeching His mercy and guidance whose kind providence we all knew could alone support us in the hazardous journey we were about to undertake; hearty farewells, in which rough jokes covered many a kindly wish towards one another; and then, grasping their tracking lines, a hundred hoarse voices joined in loud cheers, and the divisions of sledges, diverging on their different routes, were soon lost to one another in snow and mist."

The following may be quoted as an example of the hardships that were endured in this service:—

"During the sleeping hours, the increased attention to the fur covering, and the carefully closed door, told us that the temperature was falling; and the poor cook, with a rueful countenance, announced that it was below zero, as he prepared the morning meal. More than usual difficulty was found in pulling on our stiffly-frozen boots, stockings, and outer garments; and when the men went out of the tent they soon found their clothing becoming perfectly hard from the action of the intense cold on what had been for several days saturated with perspiration. To start and march briskly was now the only safety, and in double quick time tents were down, and sledges moving. A nor-wester was fast turning up, and as the night of Easter Monday closed around us, the cold increased with alarming rapidity. One of those magnificent conglomerations of halos and parabolas common to these regions lit up the northern heavens, and by the brilliancy of colouring and startling number of false suns seemed as if to be mocking the sufferings of our gallant fellows, who, with faces averted and bended bodies, strained

every nerve to reach the land, in hopes of obtaining more shelter than the naked floe afforded from the nipping effects of the cutting gale. Every moment some fresh case of frost-bite would occur, which the watchful care of the officers would immediately detect. The man would fall out from his sledge, restore the circulation of the affected part, generally the face, and then hasten back to his post. Constant questions of 'How are your feet?' were heard on all sides, with the general response, 'Oh! I hope they are all right; but I've not felt them since I pulled my boots on.'

"One halt was made to remove and change all leather boots, which, in consequence of our late warm weather, had been taken into use, but were now no longer safe; and then, with a rally, the piled-up floe around the cliffs of Cape Walker was reached. Cold and hungry as we were, it must have been a heavy barrier indeed to have stopped our men from taking their sledges to the land; and piled as the floe was against the Cape, full fifty feet high, we carried our craft over it in safety, and just in time too, for the north-west wind rushed down upon us, as if to dispute our right to intrude on its dominion. Hastily securing the tents, we hurried in to change our boots, and to see whether our feet were frost-bitten or not; for it was only by ocular proof that one could be satisfied of their safety, sensation having apparently long ceased. I shall not easily forget my painful feelings, when one gallant fellow of my party, the captain of the sledge, exclaimed, 'Both feet gone, sir!' and sure enough they were, white as two lumps of ice, and equally cold; for as we of the tent party anxiously in turn placed our warm hands on the frost-bitten feet, the heat was extracted in a marvellously short time, and our half-frozen hands had to be succeeded by fresh ones as quickly as possible. With returning circulation the poor fellow's agonies must have been intense; and some hours afterwards large blisters formed over the frost-bitten parts, as if the feet had been severely scalded."

Still all went on merrily, buoyed up by the hope of finding the silken thread that might yet lead them into the labyrinth of Franklin's place of refuge:—

"Hunger was met with a laugh, and a chuckle at some future feast or jolly recollections told, in rough terms, of bygone good cheer; and often, standing on some neighbouring pile of ice, and scanning the horizon for those we sought, have I heard a rough voice encouraging the sledge crew by saying, 'Keep step, boys! keep step!' she (the sledge) is coming along almost by herself: there's the *Erebus's* masts showing over the point ahead! Keep step, boys! keep step!"

"We had our moments of pleasure, too—plenty of them, in spite of the cold, in spite of fatigue. There was an honest congratulation after a good day's work; there was the time after the pemmican had been eaten, and each one, drawing up his blanket-bag around him, sat, pannikin in hand, and received from the cook the half gill of grog; and after drinking it, there was sometimes an hour's conversation, in which there was more hearty merriment, I trow, than in many a palace,—dry witticisms, or caustic remarks, which made one's sides ache with laughter. * * *

"In fact, care and thought were thrown to the winds; and, tired as we were, sleep often overtook us, still laughing at the men's witticisms; and then such dreams,—they seemed as if an angel had sent them to reward us for the hard realities of the day: we revelled in a sweet elysium; home was around us,—friends, kind, good friends, plenty smiled on every side; we eat, drank, and were merry; we visited old scenes with bygone ship-mates; even those who had long gone to that bourne whence traveller returneth not, came back to cheer our sleeping hours; and many a one nigh forgot, amongst the uphill struggles of life, returned to gladden us with their smiles: and as we awoke to the morning meal, many a regret would be heard that so pleasant a delusion as the night had been spent in should be dispelled: each succeeding night, however, brought again 'the

cherub that watcheth over poor Jack,' to throw sunny thoughts around the mind, and thus relieve our wayworn bodies."

God bless the heart, say we, that imprinted these 'Stray Leaves' with the record of such noble and pious sentiments. We had marked many such kindly aspirations for extract, but have not space for more. Lieutenant Osborn and his party returned to winter quarters in June, after a sledging journey of 500 miles in fifty-eight days; and Lieutenant M'Clinck and his party, who came in last, had sledged eighty days over a distance of 800 miles. The ice now began to break up from the north, the ships were afloat, the wild fowl, as if emblematical of the finger of God, were winging their way cheerily in the direction of Wellington Channel, and to these fruitless harbingers of succour was the track of the brave Franklin left. Oh, that the lost mariners could have echoed back the touching chorus,

"The north water's coming, boys,
Steam a little longer."

The Story of Nell Gwyn. Related and Collected by Peter Cunningham, F.S.A. Bradbury and Evans.

THE story of Nell Gwyn is neither the most edifying nor the most grateful that can be presented to the consideration of the ingenuous reader; but it is one which, in spite of the impure atmosphere in which the heroine lived, and notwithstanding all the circumstances of her tainted career, has a fascination of its own which it is idle to deny, and from which the most prudish will find it impossible to escape. The follies and vices of poor Nell are largely redeemed by the traditional and warrantable belief, which the world has entertained from the hour of her death until the present moment, in her thorough goodness of heart. Benevolent to the distressed we know she was, for we read of her charitable doings during her lifetime, and on her death-bed she bequeathed money to take poor debtors out of prison, to provide the naked with clothing and the starving with food. Tolerant of spirit she must have been, or she—whose proudest prerogative it was to be styled the *protestant* mistress of Charles II.—would never have made a special bequest in favour of poor Catholics; and patriotic she assuredly was, for what boy amongst us has not heard of her mild and successful reproach to King Charles which secured the asylum of Chelsea Hospital to the maimed soldiers of her country? The conflict of life went sadly against Nell and against all who, like her, had to wage war against overwhelming temptation with the feeblest weapons humanity can wield. The spirit of the times in which she lived was against her—her birth was against her, her education—alas, poor Nell! what meaning had the word in connexion with her bringing up?—was against her; but in spite of all her disadvantages, she lived, in the midst of her degradation, well enough to secure for her solace, in her hour of extremity and death, the companionship of the good Tenison, who, when he had peacefully closed the poor sufferer's eyes, courageously preached her funeral sermon, and found something to praise and to hold up for imitation even in the blameable life of an actress who sullied her profession by becoming the open mistress of a king.

The most industrious and accomplished of literary antiquaries has thought it worth while to pick up all that remains to be told of the

life of Nell Gwyn, and the public have only to be grateful for the contribution he offers. If there is any regret to be expressed in the matter, it is indeed that so little after all has been spared for communication. We may say what we please, and affect as much virtuous propriety as our respective positions in society suggest, but there is little doubt that the less we learn of the doings of such unworthies as we are bound to conclude Mrs. Eleanor Gwyn and her contemporaries to have been, the more annoyed we are at the accidents of fortune and of time that have denied us more than the merest outlines of forms fascinating enough to awaken even Quakerism out of its sobriety and primness. We confess that we ourselves closed Mr. Cunningham's charming little volume with a sense of disappointment and ill treatment. Piquant and interesting as his narrative is, it is but a narrative half told for want of materials to complete the structure. We can hardly hope to obtain gleanings after a reaper who takes good care to scatter nothing for the next comer when he is cutting the corn; and we had fondly trusted, from the moment we were informed that Mr. Cunningham had taken his sharp sickle into this peculiar field, that the harvest would prove quite as abundant as the fruit itself is welcome and pungent to the taste. In this respect we say—but in no other—we suffer disappointment. History is niggard, but the biographer is fully as generous as his means permit him to be.

Eleanor Gwyn was born on the 2nd of February, 1650, as Mr. Cunningham believes, in the Coal Yard, in Drury Lane. The horoscope of her nativity is still to be seen in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, and a fac-simile of the marvellous production is given in the present volume. Her father, it is said, belonged to an ancient Welsh family, and was a captain in the army. Her mother had the same Christian name as her daughter, but her maiden surname is not recorded. Whatever her parentage, Nell's bringing up was of the very humblest. Her first occupation, it would appear, was that of waiting-girl in a house of ill-repute; her next that of orange-girl in the King's Theatre—orange-girls forming part of the dramatic attraction of those times, and constituting an "order," having at its head a mistress or superior known as Orange Moll, "who filled the same sort of office in the theatre that the mother of the maids occupied at court among the maids of honour." Pepys had the greatest delight, from his own account, in the society of that member of the order with whom we are concerned. In truth we are indebted to this most useful chronicler and gossip for the chief points of her history. She was sixteen when he first met her selling oranges, and she was not yet seventeen when he describes her as raised from her lowly office and already elevated to some eminence on the stage itself. In 1666 Mr. Pepys was one of the audience at the King's House, where he "did see a good part of the *English Monsieur*, which is a mighty pretty play, very witty and pleasant. And the women do very well; but above all little Nelly." She subsequently performed the part of *Celia* in the *Humorous Lieutenant*. When the play was over, Pepys with his wife went behind the scenes, with Mrs. Knep, "who brought to us Nelly, a most pretty woman, who acted the great part of *Celia* to-day very fine, and did it pretty well. I kissed her, and so did my wife, and a mighty

pretty soul she is." Nell made great way upon the stage, became—we fear there is no denying the fact—the mistress of Charles Hart, the actor, and took lodgings in the most fashionable part of Drury Lane. How long Mrs. Gwyn continued faithful to the player we cannot say, but in 1667 she was the acknowledged mistress of Lord Buckhurst, and both of them were then keeping "merry house" at Epsom. How things stood on the 26th August, 1667, may be gathered from the following entry in the ever-welcome 'Diary':—

"To the King's Playhouse and saw *The Surprisal*, a very mean play, I thought, or else it was because I was out of humour, and but very little company in the house. Sir W. Pen and I had a great deal of discourse with Orange Moll, who tells us that Nell is already left by my Lord Buckhurst, and that he makes sport of her, and swears she hath had all she could get of him; and Hart, her great admirer, now hates her; and that she is very poor, and hath lost my Lady Castlemaine, who was her great friend also; but she is come to the house, but is neglected by them all."

Not "by them all" exactly! Nell continued on the stage and grew in popular favour. Moreover, she suddenly grew in favour in an unexpected and illustrious direction. A report arose that "the King had sent for Nelly." Lord Buckhurst was made a groom of the bedchamber, with a pension of 1000*l.* a year, and was "sent by the King on a complimentary visit to a foreign power." Nelly was very punctual and constant to her engagements at the theatre, yet the orange-woman persisted she was as constantly at Whitehall. The time, however, was soon to come when punctuality would be no longer possible to the best-intentioned actress. In 1670, the production of a new tragedy, by Dryden, then in rehearsal, was postponed because Nell, who was to play the principal part, was actually on the point of giving birth to the future Duke of St. Albans, whose father was the King. The boy being born, Mrs. Gwyn returned to her duties, spoke the prologue to the tragedy "in a broad-brimmed hat and waist-belt," and acted her part so perfectly that the playgoers were taken by storm, and King Charles's admiration and passion rose outrageously.

Nell Gwyn was delivered of her son in her apartments in Lincoln's-inn Fields on the 8th of May, 1670, when the court was on its way to Dover to receive and entertain the Duchess of Orleans, Charles the Second's sister. Everybody knows that in the suite of the Duchess came, as a deliberate bribe to King Charles from Louis XIV., a famous beauty, Mademoiselle de Quérrouille by name, who consented to be the English king's mistress on condition that he agreed to become the French king's pensioner. The graceful and creditable bargain struck, the French lady was raised to the dignity of Duchess of Portsmouth, gave birth to Lenox, Duke of Richmond, the ancestor of the present peer, and became in England neither more nor less than the acknowledged rival of the orange girl. Popularity springs from many sources. Nell rejoiced in Protestantism. The Duchess of Portsmouth was a Roman Catholic. Nelly became, in consequence, the idol of the town; whilst the Duchess of Portsmouth was hated by the people. There was no harm in the monarch's being 'merry'; but he must sin as a true believer. No wonder, when we remember how high antipathy rose between the Roman Catholic and Protestant of Charles the Second's time, and how deeply rooted

Protestantism then was, and has ever since remained, in the rugged heart of the masses, that Nell acquired the fame, and even affectionate regard, which, in spite of her history, yet attaches to her name. Generous, true-hearted, unselfish, and a Protestant to boot! what could she be more at a time when a whole nation was lost in immorality, and when the subjects of the King rather approved than condemned the pleasant vices of their master! One anecdote, told by Mr. Cunningham, is much too good to be lost:—"When Nelly," he says, "was insulted in her coach at Oxford by the mob, who mistook her for the Duchess of Portsmouth, she looked out of the window and said, with her usual good humour, 'Pray, good people, be civil; I am the Protestant —.' The laconic speech drew upon her the favour of the populace, and she was suffered to proceed without further molestation."

Nell and the Duchess of Portsmouth met often at Whitehall, but the witty actress gave her rival no peace. She laughed at her, she made grimaces at her, she taunted her with the King's preference for herself, she took the King away from her before her eyes, and she defied the Duchess to withdraw the monarch from her side. Charles, who doted on Nell, and loved practical jokes even if they told against himself, enjoyed and applauded sallies which were without bitterness though never without point. The Duchess had a trick of putting herself into mourning whenever a person of distinction died in France. It so happened that news of the Cham of Tartary's death reached England at the same time with news of the death of a prince of the blood in France. The Duchess appeared at court in mourning; and this time so did Nelly. When the latter was asked for whom she wore black, she answered she had lost the Cham of Tartary. When further questioned as to her relationship, she archly replied that she was related to the Cham precisely in the degree *Mlle. Quérrouille* was related to the Prince of —.

On Christmas-day, 1671, Mrs. Gwyn became mother to a second son, called James, in compliment to the Duke of York. Five years afterwards her first-born was created Baron of Headington and Earl of Burford, and at the same time the daughter of the last Vere, Earl of Oxford, was betrothed to the young earl by the King his father. For the last years of her life Nell lived in Pall Mall, fond of giving concerts at her house, and at times of gambling. When she resided at Burford House in Windsor, "her house was the rendezvous of all who wished to stand well at the Castle." Three dedications of books to Nell are known, all of which, it is unnecessary to say, are highly laudatory. One describes her as "the most perfect beauty and the greatest goodness in the world;" another, without perhaps overstepping truth, speaks of her "as if doing good were not her nature but her business." Nell had her hour of triumph and supreme pleasure with the rest; she lived long enough to touch the two extremes of fortune, but she died too soon to learn all the lessons that were to be taught by her singular and unexpected passage from the stews of Drury Lane to the chamber of a king.

In 1680, her second son died in Paris; in 1683, Charles Hart, her old admirer, was carried to the grave. In 1685, Charles II. himself quitted the earth. "Let not poor Nelly starve," was amongst his last dying requests

to the Duke of York, and it is ever to be mentioned to the honour of James II., that he did not forget his brother's bidding. Nell was to have been made a peeress had the King lived, and the title chosen was Countess of Greenwich. It is better as it was.

Nell fell into difficulty and trouble when left alone in the world, but the new king, redeeming his word, paid her debts and provided handsomely for her wants. A better friend than either Charles or James came to the side of the poor orange girl at this—perhaps the most trying hour of her life. The vicar of St. Martin's, the good Tenison, who had attended Thynne, Sir Thomas Armstrong, and the Duke of Monmouth, was brought to her by her physician; both men much needed to help body and soul in a time of coming trial. In 1687, just two years after the King, poor Nelly died. She was only thirty-eight years old, but she sank meekly, having been well prepared for the great and everlasting change. Her repentance, says Cibber, was sincere; others write to the same effect. She had been very bountiful whilst she lived; and, as we have already said, she left several legacies to the poor at her death. In her will she had asked Dr. Tenison to preach her sermon; and the Doctor obeyed her wish. He said "much to her praise," but we know not the exact nature of the discourse. "The church," says Mr. Cunningham, "was doubtless crowded—all the apprentices who could obtain leave from their masters for such a lesson were there, and perhaps many a wet eye was seen—for Nelly was a good subject, and the then vicar of St. Martin's was an impressive preacher."

A few lines more from Mr. Cunningham's pen, the reader will not be sorry to have. We know not when we have read a more pathetic anecdote than the following in connexion with the sermon; we had not met with it before:—

"It was bold in Tenison to preach such a sermon, and on such a person; but he knew the worth of Nelly and was not afraid. He escaped not, however, without censure. Some mercenary people printed and employed hawkers to cry in the streets a sham, or largely transmogrified discourse which the vicar himself was obliged to denounce as a 'forgery.' Others went further; and when in 1691 the see of Lincoln was vacant, and Tenison was all but appointed to it, Viscount Villiers, afterwards the first Earl of Jersey, in his zeal for the rector of the parish of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, immediately adjoining St. Martin's, made it a reason to Queen Mary for the exclusion of the honest Doctor that he had preached a 'notable funeral sermon in praise of Ellen Gwyn.' But the daughter of King James, and the wife of King William, who had her own channels of information, was not to be led aside from what she knew was right by so weak a complaint, though advanced by a highly-favoured servant of her own. 'I have heard as much,' said the good Queen Mary to her Master of the Horse, 'and this is a sign that the poor unfortunate woman died penitent; for, if I have read a man's heart through his looks, had she not made a truly pious end, the Doctor could never have been induced to speak well of her.' I need hardly add that Tenison obtained the see, and that he lived to fill with honour to himself and service to the Church the more important office of Archbishop of Canterbury. It may, however, be new to some that in his own will he strictly forbids either funeral sermon or oration at his own interment. There is satire in this. To have praised even Tenison might by some courtier or another have been made a barrier to the promotion of an able and perhaps better deserving person."

Some dying requests Nell made to her son, the Duke of St. Alban's. They were strictly

complied with. Mr. Cunningham makes no apology for the sins of his heroine, but heroic undoubtedly was her character in spite of her fault. The world is answerable for what was wrong in her. For what remained good in spite of the world, we may still cherish her memory without rebuke. 'The Story of Nell Gwyn,' as related and collected in the volume before us, pays no homage to vice, and will bring no blush upon the cheek but such as virtue will approve.

Our Antipodes; or, Residence and Rambles in the Australasian Colonies. By Lieut.-Col. Godfrey Charles Mundy. 3 vols. Bentley.

THREE portly volumes of light and pleasant gossip, mingled with narrative, occasionally of considerable interest. Curtailment would, however, have improved the gallant Colonel's literary labours. The mere eradication of old jokes would have limited their compass not a little. There is much in them, however, to amuse, and something to instruct. The reader of this book will rise from it with a clearer notion of Anglo-Australian doings, society, people and ways, than he can obtain from almost any other source with which we are acquainted. The author had ample opportunities of looking about him, and availed himself of them. He writes in a spirit of hearty good humour that cannot fail to win the goodwill of his readers. Stern criticism would be quite out of place; so we shall content ourselves with extracting a few specimens of the manner in which he has treated 'Our Antipodes.'

The first volume concerns Sydney and New South Wales generally. Every here and there the earlier pursuits of the involuntary portion of the colonial population furnish the themes of amusing anecdotes. Much as has been written about the inferiority and incapacity of the aborigines of New Holland, it would seem that their true vocation has only recently been discovered, and that they have stuff in them fit for the making of good soldiers. The following will be new to many of our readers:—

"The experiment of enrolling as a border force a native mounted police, with British officers, has perfectly succeeded. In 1850, the division stationed on the Macintyre river consisted of forty-four men, with a commandant, two subalterns, and a sergeant-major. The pay of the privates is 3*d.* a-day; their uniform, a light dragoon undress. They are all quite young men, averaging five feet nine inches in height, light but strong, and very quick at drill, the use of arms, and horsemanship. In the Port Phillip district a similar force has been raised. There is no want of recruits, nor need of 'bounty.' The only difficulty is to choose among the herd of long-legged, shock-headed, grinning fellows, offering themselves 'to plenty fight' for 3*d.* per diem! They have no qualms about acting with the utmost rigour against their brother black-fellows. Such is the terror of their name, that wheresoever a section of the force shows itself the evil-minded tribes instantly disappear.

"Nor are rangers of the bush, fairer in skin but equally dark in deeds, less afraid of these active, vigilant, and dashing black Hulus. Shepherds and stockmen no longer fear to quit their huts, and gentlemen graziers may now ride from station to station without arming themselves like an ambulant arsenal. For bush duties, especially against their own countrymen, the native police is infinitely more effective than the English police. Indeed, with the latter force there are always a few blacks employed as 'trackers.'

"'Tame' blacks have been known, even when unconnected with the constabulary, to capture,

single-handed, English bush-rangers, for the sake of the reward. However superior in bodily strength, however desperate his courage, the robber has no chance against the black scout unless possessed of fire-arms. The latter attacks him with a running fire of stones, thrown with such vigour and accuracy, that a few minutes would suffice to cut to pieces or disable the former. The superior agility of the savage effectually prevents close quarters; and, as for resisting with the same weapons, the poor clumsy Saxon might as well pelt a shadow. An instance was related to me of a native following for days, unsuspectedly, the steps of a runaway prisoner armed with a musket. Having exhausted the little food he had brought with him, the white man was at length compelled by hunger to fire at a bird, and, ere he could re-load, he was felled by a stone, followed by a sustained volley—something like that of Perkins's steam-gun—which soon placed both man and musket in the power of the wily savage."

New Zealand furnishes materials for the Colonel's second volume. The history and localities of our little wars waged there of late years are described in rather minute detail; and the occasional notices of the savage and wily chieftains engaged afford glimpses of a remarkable people, finely developed in physical, and not meanly in intellectual qualities. What they may become is well shown in this very creditable anecdote:—

"The desire of the more enterprising natives to become ship-owners is most ardent, and the number of coasting craft in their possession is said to be rapidly increasing. An interesting instance of honourable conduct and gratitude on the part of a Maori purchaser of a vessel was related to me by Mrs. Grey. The price demanded by the builder was 100*l.* The native paid down 80*l.*—all he could contrive to raise; but the builder would not permit the boat to proceed on her first trip, which the owner was most desirous to engage in, until the whole sum was forthcoming. The poor Maori, sore troubled in mind, unfolded his distresses to the *Mata Kawana*, who very kindly lent him the 20*l.* required for the completion of the purchase—with the agreement that it was to be repaid in three months. There was no bond—no note of hand exacted; it was purely a case of 'honour bright' between the parties.

"The happy skipper took possession of his vessel after relating to his friends and neighbours the munificent act of the Governor's lady; and the tribe, not to be outdone in generosity, collected among themselves in small sums the amount of the loan, and repaid it to the fair lender in golden sovereigns at the end of the first month, while the debtor was still on his cruise, trying to earn money enough to liquidate it at the expiration of the stipulated term.

"It is pleasant to hear of such traits in the character of a comparatively savage race. It is pleasant to reflect that such traits may be called into existence by the well-timed kindness of an English lady. Nor is it too much to say that, with a people like the New Zealanders, an incident of this nature, circulated as it is sure to be by the native love of news-mongering, will do more towards the subjugation and pacification of the country—more towards the reconciliation of the Maori to the rule of their 'Kuini Wikitoria,' than all the men of war, naval and military, all the 'trumpets, guns, drums, blunderbusses, and thunder' of H.M.'s forces, however energetically exerted, all the slip-slop and cant of the super-sanctimonious, and all the laborious policy of diplomacy, however craftily concocted and applied!"

We cordially assent to the writer's sentiments, and may say, once for all, that throughout these volumes there is manifested an earnest wish to do justice, without over-rating, to the abilities and virtues of the dark races.

The third volume brings us back to Australia, and contains much interesting information respecting Van Diemen's Land

and Victoria. At Port Arthur, Colonel Mundy met with some of the chiefs of the cabbage-garden rebellion in Ireland. Terence M'Manus and Kevin O'Doherty were there engaged in the occupation of lading a ship. These infatuated gentlemen seem to have borne with their untoward fate much less petulantly than the would-be monarch, Smith O'Brien. Here, too, was a polished criminal, who had not the excuse of morbid sentiment and mistaken patriotism to plead for his offence—Robert Pate, the cowardly and, we trust, crazy fool who struck the Queen. He was occupied, along with a party of men in the grey dress and leather cap of convicts, carrying firewood for the engines of a steamer. He was in perfect health of body, and, according to his attendants, of mind also. If such be really the case, there can be no pity felt for so sorry a scamp. For his hot-headed Irish companions, now that they have cooled their heels, if not their brains, at the antipodes, a different feeling may be indulged; and at the present moment strong memorials are being signed by Irishmen of all parties for their release. That they have been thoroughly well-treated, better than they deserved, is clear from the narrative before us. The Tasmanians are up in arms against the continuance of transportation—how consistently the following instance will show:—

"I observed in this island, as elsewhere, a strange inconsistency between public protestation and private procedure on the convict question. This was easily explained;—it was popular to denounce convictism, profitable to employ convict labour! I heard of a president of an anti-transportation meeting discussing the question in the abstract, and descanting, with tears in his eyes, upon the anxious feelings of a husband and a father, when called by duty or business to leave his family in the hands of a convict neighbourhood. He was drily questioned how it happened that, possessed of such opinions, he had, on this occasion, left his wife and children in the power of thirty-six prisoners in his own employment! This insinuation was, of course, repelled with indignation, and refuted on the spot. Not a bit of it. The virtuous denouncer of convictism denied that he employed thirty-six convicts,—he only kept thirty!"

Colonel Mundy winds up his three volumes with a vivid account of his trip to the gold fields during the past year, and prefaces it with a good sketch of the exciting discovery, giving due credit to the prophecies of Sir Roderick Murchison, the anticipations of Mr. Clarke, and the proto-diggings of Mr. Hargraves. His diary of the condition of popular excitement gives an excellent notion of the rise and progress of the Australian gold fever. When he started himself, the mania was subsiding under the depressing influence of bad weather and short commons. During his four days' journey across the Cordillera he met some 300 disgusted individuals on their way back, with "tin pots, 'possum rugs, and a suit of seedy clothes," as the sum total of their worldly belongings. Like most folks in distress, they were shy and touchy—a condition not relieved by the jeering inquiries of "Have you sold your cradle?" often asked by the villagers and adventurers on their way out. On the third day of the Colonel's journey he met with two riders, travelling towards Sydney, full of the astonishing news that a mass of pure gold, weighing upwards of one hundredweight, had been found a few days before on the sheep-run of Dr. Kerr. This proved quite true. The mass had been discovered by an educated aboriginal, whilst tending the Doctor's sheep.

Blackie, in company with his brother, received as their reward two flocks of sheep, and two saddle-horses, and a quantity of rations, besides other helpings. The original lump was broken up. It really weighed 106lbs. The excellent measures taken by government for the regulation of the gold-mining, by the appointment of commissioners and the granting of licences, have made the Australian diggings a paradise when compared with California. The first reception of the authorities was characteristic on both sides:—

"On the night of the first arrival of the Commissioner at Ophir, the diggers amused themselves—just as a tribe of New Zealanders might have done under similar influences—by squibbing off some thousands of musket-shots. Intimidation could hardly have been intended; if so, they mistook their men very egregiously. One burly fellow, indeed, confiding in his superior strength and old habits of bullying, refused either to pay his licence or quit his ground. Mr. Hardy, a man of excellent temper and highly conciliatory manners, thought this opportunity a good one to assert his authority by other means than the soothing system. He jumped, therefore, into the hole where the recusant was working, and putting a pistol to his ear arrested him in the Queen's name, and the blusterer was quietly handcuffed and removed by the tipstaff. I was glad to hear subsequently that the officers had made some successful, as well as determined onslaughts upon notorious gangs of illicit diggers. In many cases the enemy escaped, but their baggage, in the shape of cradles, was captured, and these being immediately smashed, their means of future gold mining were cut off.

"The right to carry fire-arms and other offensive weapons so largely exercised by the miners, can hardly at present be interfered with. This un-English practice is, I think, curing itself. Public opinion has hitherto been sufficiently executive and protective at the diggings. It will continue effective so long, and so long only, as the public sense of right is not demented by the indiscriminate introduction of ardent spirits into a society so questionably constituted as a New South Wales mining multitude.

"In strolling down the works—if strolling can be applied to scrambling among jagged slate rocks in the river bed, and slipping over the loose shale on the hill-side—I found it no easy task to get into conversation with the diggers. Some appeared sullen from disappointment, few communicative on the subject of their gains, and all apparently imbued with that spirit of independence and equality natural in a community where, whatever might be the real distinction in the station and education of individuals, all were now living and labouring on the same terms."

These scenes of democratic confusion are not without a sort of sublimity; witness the approach to the gold-washings of the Turon:—

"At length the main features of the country became more decided in character. Amid a chaos of minor swells it was easy to trace two leading sierras, dominating and marking the direction of a long and tortuous valley. This valley forms the bed of the river Turon—the Pactolus of the Antipodes. Thin wreaths of bluish smoke indicated the position of the mines, far below us and as yet invisible. As we topped a ridge, the last of a series I thought interminable, my companion suddenly said, 'Stop and listen.' I pulled up my horse, and heard as I imagined the rushing of some mighty cataract. 'It is the cradles,' said he; and so it was—the grating of the gravel or rubble on the metal sifters of five hundred rockers! I shall not easily forget the impression made on me by this singular acoustic effect. Looking down into that wild mountain glen, it was almost incredible that this uniform and ceaseless crash could be produced by the agency of a crowd of human beings, not one of whom was visible, nor any sign of their existence. There was no pause nor the slightest variation in the cadence as it floated up to us on the still air;

and I have no doubt that had we listened for an hour not the slightest check in the monotonous roar would have been detected. Presently as we descended upon the creek, tents and huts and every other kind of temporary tabernacle were descried dotting the slopes and levels up and down and on either bank of the stream, in indiscriminate confusion."

With all the hardships, hard work, and exposure of gold-grubbing, it is a healthy occupation as pursued in New South Wales. In spite of wet and bad weather there has been scarcely any sickness at the diggings. Doctors "who came to drug, remained to dig," and tortured the inside of the earth instead of the interiors of their fellow-mortals. With such odds in favour of miners, we may look forward to the gleanings of rich harvests in the Australian gold-fields. When science and machinery shall have been brought fully to bear upon it, it is difficult as dazzling to anticipate the results.

The Eclipse of Faith: or, a Visit to a Religious Sceptic. Longman and Co.

WITHOUT troubling ourselves to determine how much of this book is fiction and how much of it is fact, or how far the conversations recorded in it are ideal or real, it is sufficient to say that some of the chief personages introduced are characters well known, and their opinions are expressed in words taken from their own writings. The title of the book is obviously suggested by that of Mr. F. Newman, 'The Phases of Faith,' to which, and to other utterances of recent scepticism, it is meant as an antidote and a reply. The plan is adopted of sending to a missionary in the Pacific Ocean, who has been absent from England for fifteen years, some account of the religious distractions in which his native country has during that period been involved. The idea of sending such information to one far from the fields of controversy is good, and with subjects so important and varied, a writer of genius and learning might have produced a work equal in interest, however inferior in wit, to Pascal's 'Letters to a Provincial.' But our English defender of the faith has not tact as a writer equal to his acuteness of reason and his solidity of thought. He lacks the art of taking up certain salient points, and throwing upon them and around them the light of argument, or irony, or denunciation, as the champion of the Jansenists knew so well how to do. Too many topics are discussed, and some of the least importance at the greatest length. The book would have been of double the value had it been of half the size. This unwieldiness is to be regretted as the error arises more apparently from want of thought or of time, than of ability. There are parts of the volume written in happiest style; as, for instance, the account of 'The Sceptic's Select Party,' in the conversation at which much important thought and skilful argument are agreeably brought out. The opening paragraph of that scene will give a favourable view of the author's style, and an idea of the characters and opinions introduced in the work:—

"You remember, I doubt not, the humorous paper in the 'Spectator,' in which Addison introduces the whimsical nobleman who used to invite to his table parties of men (strangers to one another), all characterised by some similar personal defect or infirmity. On one occasion, twelve wooden-legged men found themselves stumping into his dining-room, one after another, and making, of course, a

terrible clatter; on another, twelve guests, who all had the misfortune to squint, amused their host with their ludicrous cross lights; and on a third, the same number of stutters entertained him still more, not only by their uncouth impediment, but by the anger with which they began to sputter at one another, on the supposition that each was mocking his neighbour. A short-hand writer, behind the scenes, was employed to take down the conversation, which, says the witty essayist, was easily done, inasmuch as one of the gentlemen was a quarter of an hour in saying 'that the ducks and green peas were very good,' and another almost an equal time in assenting to it. At the conclusion, however, the derided guests became aware of the trick their entertainer had played upon them; and from their hands, quicker than their tongues, he was obliged to make a precipitate retreat. Our dinner party of yesterday did not break up in any such *fracas*, nor was the conversation so unhappily restricted. Yet the company was hardly better assorted. To bring it together, Harrington ransacked his immediate circle, and Fellowes unconsciously recruited for him in the university town. Our host had provided for our mutual edification an Italian gentleman, with whom he had had some pleasant intercourse on the continent (by the way he spoke English uncommonly well), and now staying with a Roman Catholic in the neighbourhood; this gentleman himself, with whom Harrington, by means of his former friend, has knocked up an acquaintance; (he is a liberal Catholic of the true British species;) our acquaintance Fellowes, with his love of 'insight' and 'spiritualism'; a young surgeon from —, a rare, perhaps unique, specimen of conversion to certain crude atheistical speculations of Mr. Atkinson and Miss Martineau; a young Englishman (an acquaintance of Harrington's), just fresh from Germany, after sundry semesters at Bonn and Tübingen, five hundred fathoms deep in German philosophy, and who hardly came once to the surface during the whole entertainment; three Rationalists (acquaintances of Fellowes), standing at somewhat different points in the spiritual thermometer, one a devoted advocate of Strauss: add to these a Deist, no unworthy representative of the old English school; one or two others further gone still; a Roman Catholic priest, an admirer of Father Newman, who therefore believes everything; our sceptical friend Harrington, who believes nothing; and myself, still fool enough to believe the Bible to be 'divine,' and you will acknowledge that a more curious party never sat down to edify one another with their absurdities and contradictions."

The subjects discussed in the volume are too numerous to specify, but we may say that few questions that have arisen in the controversies of the last twenty years, either in England or Germany, are passed without some mention. The opinions of the present school of English sceptics are treated with far more consideration than they seem to us to merit. A few pages of Bishop Butler's 'Analogy' meet all the arguments of those who try to occupy any middle ground between faith in a divine revelation and absolute Atheism. The present attacks on what is called "bibliolatry" will pass away like the many others to which the author so well refers:—

"Similarly, a score of assailants of the Bible have appeared, and vanished since his day; each proclaiming, just as he himself went to the bottom, that he had given the Bible its death-blow! Somehow, however, that singular book continues to flourish, to propagate itself, to speak all languages, to intermingle more and more with the literature of all civilized nations: while mankind will not accept, slaves as they are, the intellectual freedom you offer them. It is really very provoking: of what use is it to destroy the Bible so often, when it lives the next minute?"

With this brief notice we commend 'The

Eclipse of Faith' as one of the ablest and most readable books of controversy that has appeared for many a day.

NOTICES.

Queechy. By Elizabeth Wetherell, Author of 'The Wide Wide World.' 2 vols. Nisbet and Co. THE authoress of 'Queechy' has every quality of a good writer save one. Good feeling, good taste, fancy, liveliness, shrewd observation of character, love of nature, and considerable skill in the management of a story,—all these she possesses. But she has yet to learn how much brevity is the soul of wit. Surely she must live in some most quiet nook of 'the wide wide world,' and the greater part of her American readers must have much of the old Dutch patience and the primitive leisure of the days of Rip Van Winkle. Doubtless the book will have admirers as ardent in the parlours of Boston as in the farm-houses of the far west, who will make no complaints of prolixity, and will wish the book longer even than it is. There is a large circle in this country also to whom it will be faultless. The good people who take for gold whatever glitters on the shelves of their favourite booksellers, will be delighted with a work far superior to the dreary volumes of commonplace which are prepared for the use of what is called 'the religious public.' But we fear that those to whom such a book would be the most profitable will deem 'Queechy' somewhat tiresome. The story is too much drawn out, and many of the dialogues and descriptions would be wonderfully improved by condensation. Let the author look at the writings of Maria Edgeworth, and observe with what art she tells her tales in briefest compass, leaving to the reader to fill up many a scene which less practised writers would give in minute detail. Anxious that a writer with so many good points should be as useful as possible, we point out this as the chief fault of Miss Wetherell's style. Of the tale itself we are not called to say much. Most of the characters are well conceived and sustained, and the story is told with skill and spirit. The descriptions of natural scenery are always beautiful. Some of the English personages are drawn from ideas of conventional fiction rather than from real life, and are therefore somewhat artificial. The Americans are more natural, and to readers on this side of the Atlantic more interesting. Fleda, the heroine of the tale, has a complication of charms and merits which could exist in a young lady of no other country at the early age when she displayed them. Few Englishmen like Mr. Carleton would choose such an 'elfie' for a wife, though he would admire her character, as every reader will not fail to do. We shall be delighted again to meet with Elizabeth Wetherell.

The History of the Later Puritans, from the Opening of the Civil War in 1642 to the Ejection of the Nonconforming Clergy in 1662. By J. B. Marsden, M.A. Hamilton, Adams, and Co. THIS is a companion volume to a previous work by Mr. Marsden, on 'The Early Puritans, from the Reformation down to the Civil War.' The twenty years embraced in the present volume form one of the most eventful and important periods in the history of England both in Church and State. Civil and ecclesiastical politics were in those times so intermingled, that the author has to describe some events with which the readers of general history are familiar, but the main object of the work is to trace the religious influence at work during the seventeenth century in English affairs. The Puritans were the defenders of the Protestant faith as well as of civil liberty, and though the Revolution of 1688 secured by law the dominant power of the reformed religion, the Church has never wholly recovered, in moral and spiritual influence, the blow given by the ejection of the 2000 faithful ministers on St. Bartholomew's Day, 1662. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes was not more fatal to the best interests of France than that act was to those of the Church of England. Dissent and ecclesiastical divisions have ever since

prevailed, nor can unity be restored till those measures be reconsidered which first gave rise to the expulsion of the nonconformists. Mr. Marsden's book gives a clear and impartial history of the ecclesiastical movements of these times. It contains fewer biographical notices and other subsidiary details than 'Neale's History of the Puritans,' but it gives a much more consecutive and useful narrative of events, while the reflections and remarks are usually pertinent and judicious.

On Mundane Moral Government, demonstrating its Analogy with the System of Material Government. By Thomas Doubleday. Blackwood and Sons.

IN this truly philosophical treatise, the principles of inductive science are applied to the investigation of moral and political questions. From history, and observation of human affairs, it is shown that certain fixed and definite laws regulate the movements of mankind in a social capacity, as well as the working of individual minds. These laws are more complicated in their action, and their several powers less easy to trace, than the laws of the physical sciences; but the existence of an orderly government of the moral as well as the material world is amply illustrated in this volume. Many questions, both of personal and national interest, are discussed, and the sound reasoning and clear style of the author cannot but be admired. For thoughtful and educated readers few books have lately appeared more interesting as to the subjects, or more able in the method of their treatment. The chapters 'On the Division of Nations into Ranks,' and 'On the Division of Ranks into the Sub-division of Families,' may be especially named as full of important and suggestive truth.

Affghanistan; a Poem. By T. Anson. Pickering. THE Affghan war is too recent an event, and the details of its history are too well known, to admit of its being a favourable subject for an epic poem. For poetic invention and fancy little room is left, and the writer's chief success must lie in his narrative and descriptive powers. The names and words, too, such as Khoord Cabool and Jellalabad, Ghilzies and Jezzails, Shumshooden Khan and Ameenoolah, are often adverse to metrical order and harmonious rhyme. The latter difficulty is got over with tact, though sometimes at considerable expense of orthodox quantities, as when we read—

"Of Bokhara's dungeons, where in darkness lie
Two soldiers brave, who only wish to die."

This grates harshly upon ears which, though ignorant of the true Eastern accent, remember such melodious couplets as those in 'Lalla Rookh':—

"Once happy pair! in proud Bokhara's groves
Who had not heard of their first youthful loves?"

In the episodes of the injured Affghan, Abdullah, seeking revenge for his treatment in the British camp, and the loves of Adah and Azim, the author shows that he has inventive art and poetic fancy, for which the nature of the subject affords little scope. As a narrative, the poem is clear in its story and spirited in its style, and presents a graphic account of that disastrous war. The finest poem would, however, be tame compared with the plain prose narrative of such events.

Homœopathy and the Homœopaths. By J. Stevenson Bushnan, M.D. Churchill.

HOMŒOPATHY, or any other system of quackery, will never fail to have advocates while fashionable folly or popular credulity prevail. There are golden arguments in its favour which far outweigh any reasoning of physiological science or results of medical observation. To argue with an educated man who knows that his tenets are opposed to truth and common sense is thankless labour. Not with view to such readers is Dr. Bushnan's treatise prepared, but for those who wish to have a faithful analysis and rational examination of a system which is so loudly extolled. Some plausible things Homœopathy has to say for itself; and its criticisms on regular practitioners are not always devoid of justice; but the system as laid down in Hahnemann's 'Organon,' and carried out in its details, is one opposed to all principles of medical science, and all sound practice of the healing art. In cases

where no medicine is an advisable part of the treatment, the homœopathic system is often successful, and the attention which its practitioner gives to diet and regimen is worthy of greater imitation. Dr. Bushnan's book gives a judicious and able view of the whole subject, and a complete refutation of the pretensions of Homœopathy to a philosophical system.

Examen du Système Protecteur. By Michel Chevalier. Paris: Guillaumin.

PROTECTION or no Protection, is not only a tolerably hackneyed question in this country, but may perhaps be considered as definitively settled. In France it is rather hackneyed also, but there is no present prospect of any definitive conclusion being arrived at respecting it for some time to come. *En attendant*, newspaper articles and pamphlets, and, at rarer intervals, heavy tomes, are published on it, *pro* and *con*. One of the most learned, sagacious, and argumentative writers on this subject is M. Michel Chevalier, Professor of Political Economy at the College of France, Member of the Institute, Councillor of State, &c.; and of all his multitudinous lucubrations perhaps this work is one of the best. He is a vehement free-trader, and must evidently be a very awkward adversary to the French protectionists.

SUMMARY.

A VALUABLE and interesting series of papers have been collected into one volume under the title of *The Importance of Literature to Men of Business*, being addresses delivered at various popular institutions by sixteen eminent men. When we mention that among the names are those of Sir John Herschel, Archbishop Whately, Sir Archibald Alison, Sir David Brewster, Mr. Disraeli, Lord Mahon, the Earl of Carlisle, the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Charles Knight, and Sir T. Talfourd, the amount and variety of talent engaged in the work will be apparent. The title of the book is not a very appropriate one; at least the assertion of 'The Importance of Literature to Men of Business' requires explanation. A far more useful and interesting lecture than any one in this series might be written 'on the importance of business habits to men of literature.' Sound advice on this point is not a little needed, and many a strange illustration and pithy anecdote could be brought to bear on the subject.

Among juvenile books recently published by Addey, there are worthy of special notice *The Picture Pleasure Book*, Part I., containing well-drawn sketches of familiar objects; a new magazine for boys and girls, called *The Charm*, with good engravings and instructive letter-press; and a little nosegay of *Wild Spring Flowers*, by Alice Georgina, the *bonâ fide* verses of a child of eight years old, published for the benefit of the hospital for sick children in Great Ormond Street.

Under the title of *Foliorum Sibrula*, the Rev. Hubert Holden publishes selections for translation into Latin and Greek verse, chiefly from old University and College examination papers. There are upwards of four hundred passages from every variety of source from Homer and Moschus down to Kirke White and the Anti-Jacobin. It will be a very useful manual for teachers of the mechanical art of versification.

In Mr. Collins's issue of cheap books, a series of *Lectures on the Development of the Christian Character; or, Religious Progress*, by Dr. W. R. Williams, of New York, is a valuable contribution to the literature of practical ethics.

In the *Fraternal Memorial*, a memoir of the Rev. W. Fernie, a pious minister at Frome, Somerset, by his brother, the Rev. J. Fernie, a narrative is given of the life and labours of a faithful and diligent Christian pastor. Frome has obtained some ecclesiastical notoriety of late in connexion with the appointment of Mr. Bennett, who has gone to a field where at least one active and good man, though a Dissenter, has laboured before him.

The author of *Estelle*, a poem in six cantos, by Theta, explains in his preface that he wrote to

beguile lonely hours in Australia, and during a visit to England he resolved to finish his poem and publish. Circumstances, however, calling him speedily back to Australia, he had to write with great haste in order to complete the work, and one canto, we are told, was written between the 2nd of March and the 10th of April. There are good passages in the poem, but on the whole it does not call for particular praise. We suppose that circumstances recalling the writer to Australia means simply that Theta is "off to the diggings." We hope he may find the plains of Melbourne a more profitable field than the crags of Parnassus.

A treatise on *The Preparation of Long-Line, Flax Cotton, and Flax Wool, by the Claussen Process*, by Dr. John Ryan, contains matter important with regard both to political economy and commerce. It is known to many that a factory has been for six months in full work in London on M. Claussen's plan, and companies have been formed for commercial use of the new processes, of which Dr. Ryan's book gives a clear and full account, as also of the machinery and chemical agents used in the factory. The treatise is illustrated by engravings.

The Rev. E. Thring publishes what he calls *the Child's Grammar*, being the substance of "the elements of grammar taught in English." The work is simple in its plan and clear in its information, but to call it a 'child's' grammar is nonsense. What can children understand about 'the predicate or speech-clause,' and 'the necessary structure of a sentence,' which are the topics of the very first page. For schoolboys this grammar is good, but scarcely for the nursery.

Mr. John Taylor, author of 'Junius Identified,' and an essay 'on the Power of the Greek Article,' has published an edition of the Four Gospels, called *The Emphatic New Testament*. The object is to represent to the English reader certain peculiarities in the Greek text which may be overlooked in the translation printed in the usual way. By adopting the typographical variety of capitals, small capitals, and black letter, a certain emphasis is put upon special words to which the eye is thus directed. Mr. Taylor has carried his idea in some places to needless length, but on many passages new and striking light is thrown, and a useful help is afforded even to the learned in the study of the Sacred Scriptures. An explanatory essay is prefixed to the text, which is according to the authorized version.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Adams's Oriental Text Book, square, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 America as I found it, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
 Anson's (T.) Afghanistan, 12mo, cloth, 4s.
 Arnold's First Verse Book, 5th edition, 12mo, cloth, 2s.
 — Greek Accidence, 5th edition, 8vo, cloth, 5s. 6d.
 Barnes on the Revelations, by Dr. Cumming, 12mo, 4s. 6d.
 Charles' (Rev. T.) Life and Labours, 32mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
 Coleridge's Lay Sermons, 3rd edition, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
 — Constitution of Church and State, 12mo, 5s.
 Crossland's Lydia, a Woman's Book, 12mo, cloth, 6s.
 Cumming's Manual of Family Prayers, 12mo, cloth, 3s.
 Curtis's (G. W.) Lotus Eating, post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
 Deacon's Elements of Perspective, 8vo, sewed, 2s.
 De Porquet's French Spelling, 16th edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d.
 — Silvio Pellico, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
 — German Trésor, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
 Dowell's Catechism on Services of Church of England, 4s.
 Dunn's (M.) Winning and Working of Collieries, 12s. 6d.
 Dymond's Essay on Morality, 5th edition, 8vo, 9s. 6d.
 East India Register, bound, 11s. 6d.; sewed, 10s.
 Edwards's Heroes of the Bible, post 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
 Fabian's Tower, 3 vols. post 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.
 Filia Dolorosa, by Mrs. Romer, 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, 24s.
 Fourdrinier's (H. E.) Our New Parish, 12mo, cloth, 6s.
 Griffith's (R. T. H.) Specimens of Old Indian Poetry, 5s.
 — (Rev. W.) Atoning Lamb, 1s. 6d.
 Hawker's (Dr.) Visits to and from Jesus, 18mo, cloth, 18s.
 History of the Council of Trent, post 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
 Household Hints, 18mo, cloth, 1s.
 Hussey's Notes on Churches of Kent, Sussex, & Surrey, 19s.
 Irish Tourist's Illustrated Hand Book, post 8vo, 2s. 6d.
 Journal of British Archaeological Association, £1 11s. 6d.
 Kidd's (G. B.) Christophany, 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
 Kimber's (W. B.) Memoirs, 18mo, cloth, 1s.
 King Alfred, Life of, 8vo, cloth, 14s.
 Kingsley's Sermons on National Subjects, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
 Mackenzie's (C. A.) Sin and Grace, 18mo, cloth, 2s.
 Miller's (T.) Differential Calculus, 8vo, cloth, 8s. 6d.
 Milner's (Mary) The Garden, Grove, and Pulpit, 4s. 6d.
 Milton's Poetical Works, 2 vols. post 8vo, cloth, 21s.
 Northcote's Fables, 3rd edition, cloth, 4s. 6d.; sewed, 3s. 6d.
 Old Man's Rambles, new edition, 12mo, cloth, 4s. 6d.
 Rebels of Glenfawn, a Romance, 3 vols. p. 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.

- Reynolds's (R.) Letters, with Memoir, post 8vo, 7s. 6d.
 Robson's (J. P.) Poetic Pencilings, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Sellon's (Rev. W.) Memoirs, by B. P. Smith, 12mo, 2s. 6d.
 St. John's All is Well, new edition, 12mo, cloth, 5s. 6d.
 Simpson's History of Lancaster, 8vo, cloth, 8s.
 Steele's Shipmaster's Assistant, new edition, 8vo, cloth, 28s.
 Taylor's (H.) Philip van Artevelde, 6th edition, 12mo, 8s.
 Waterton's Essays, Vol. 1, 12mo, cloth, 5s. 6d.
 — Vol. 2, 12mo, cloth, 4s. 6d.
 Williams's (Dr. W. B.) Religious Progress, 12mo, cloth, 2s.
 Witnesses in Sackcloth, 12mo, cloth, 4s.

THE BOOK TRADE.

THE Lord Chief Justice of law and literature has decided that in these enlightened times it is the duty of every one to do just what he thinks best for himself. It was all very well in the days of our grandfathers to have trade-guilds and unions, with banners inscribed 'Join Hands and Hearts,' and all that sort of thing. Our motto now should be, 'Every one for himself, and God for us all.' Booksellers must no longer look to publishers for any sympathetic protection against ticketing under-sellers. Books are now as necessary to the existence of the people as bread, and they must be supplied indiscriminately in the cheapest possible form, in the largest possible quantity, at the lowest possible price. It is true, as his lordship admits, that a number of comfortable, steady-plodding booksellers will be ruined; but what of that when the interests of the million are concerned? Stage-coachmen have had to turn omnibus-drivers, guards have had to become railway porters, the merry horn has been exchanged for the shrill whistle, and the buxom landlady for the *soubrette* in muslin,—why should not booksellers turn hawkers, and pitch their stalls along the line? We have no time to read now but on the rail, and have no opinion of any man's writing if it is not imprinted on cheap paper, and boarded in rose-colour or pea-green. What need have we in these enlightened times of the fine old literature that came in with vellum and illuminated missals, and has lived honoured and unread in emblazoned *ouvrages de luxe*. The bibliomaniac is happily extinct. Literature may no longer revel in goodly folios and quartos. The intellectual gratification of the million is paramount. Henceforth let there be manufactories of shilling volumes in every corner of the land, and let the antiquities and natural history of the British Museum be turned out without loss of time to make room for additional mileage of book-shelves.

It is obvious that the result of this movement will be a reduction in the retailer's allowance. Every publisher will now trade according to his own particular views and circumstances, proportioning his allowance according to the kind of book. In this respect we fully approve of the change. If the publication is one, for the sale and distribution of which the retailer's services are important, it will be worth while to give him a liberal interest in it. If, on the other hand, the publication is one of limited sale, or of a technical kind, as in the case of most scientific works, the retailer's services are of little avail. He cannot afford the risk of purchasing copies for stock, and he employs few means of promoting their sale. In such works, therefore, the trade profit will be less. For the reasons stated last week, we entirely disapprove of giving discount to customers. The publisher assesses the selling price of a book in order that the public may not be overcharged for it. The system of giving discount shows that this assessment is on too liberal a scale.

LADIES' COLLEGES IN LONDON.

WE have not looked with unconcern at the rising institutions in London which have female education for their object. Finding, however, when we have inquired, that they were in an unfixed state, continually feeling their way to shape and condition, we preferred delay in remarking upon them. Neither is it easy, even now, so far as we can learn, to state the exact point to which they have attained. Nevertheless, as the eldest of them, Queen's College, Harley-street, has been in existence four

years and upwards, it seems to be time to see what it has done, and how it is working.

The public is aware that it owes its existence to the enterprising spirit of a few gentlemen in London, mostly Professors of King's College, who, making known their wishes to the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, learnt, through the excellent Honorary Secretary of that Institution, that, in fact, the improvement of female education was an object greatly desired by many of the ladies connected with it, and by himself; that some mode of testing the competence of governesses was regarded by them as likely to promote this object; and that an examining body of Professors, to whom teachers could apply for certificates, would really contribute to work out their aim and desire. After much thoughtful consideration of the matter in all its bearings, a Committee of Education, consisting of more than thirty gentlemen, was formed, of whom, the above Honorary Secretary was one; and it was agreed, on the part of the Governesses' Institution, that a house, No. 67, Harley-street, should be taken; that it should be opened for day pupils of any or all ages above that of twelve; and that the body of acting Professors should be examiners, and have the power of giving certificates in different branches of knowledge, gratis, to governesses or pupils who might apply for the same. The classes were to be open to all, whether educating for the profession or not, on the payment either of certain fees for courses, or a composition per term for a stated number of lessons. Presentations were to be placed at the disposal of the Governesses' Institution for the use of free pupils selected by the parent Society through its committee, and free lectures were to be delivered to governesses in the evening hours by some of the Professors. Independent of their proper remunerative proportion of the fees, the proceeds of the College and its necessary expenses were both, we believe, to be placed under the management of the committee of the Governesses' Institution.

Financially, the experiment appears to have been perfectly successful; and if a separation of the College and Benevolent Institution take place, it is certainly not on the ground of any failure or prospect of failure on the part of the College. But there are reasons why it may be better henceforth for the two bodies to be disunited, though in a spirit of perfect amity. There can be no doubt that great advantage has been given to the Educational Institute through the medium of the first moneyed advances, the *prestige* occasioned by the connexion, and the facilities of advertising and making the public acquainted with the scheme, by means of the numerous reports and notices of the Governesses' Institution. Still, any one who thinks it worth a few minutes' consideration, will probably come to the conclusion that it is on the whole injurious to a work which is paid, and handsomely paid for, by the large majority of those who reap its advantages, that it should be connected with a charitable institution. At present, indeed, we cannot help feeling that no one of the ladies' colleges is quite on a right footing. Though we should not like to see any of them placed at the disposal of an aggregate body of subscribers or shareholders, it may be questioned whether opportunity should not be afforded for subscriptions or shares, ample provision being made for the competence and respectability of a governing council; and if any surplus fund accrues, it should be used either for extending the branches of knowledge, giving more free lectures or scholarships, and enlarging the library or apparatus. It does not seem to us that nearly enough in proportion is liberally done by the public to promote female education. None find it so difficult to procure really good instruction at a reasonable rate as the daughters of tradesmen, of professional men of small, or at any rate not large income, residing in towns or cities. Thoroughly good, well-governed day-schools, passing into colleges for girls, are the great want of the day.

And yet it may be asked, why, if so, is not there a still larger pressure on the existing institutions? Why, instead of 200 pupils, do not 200, and more, ask for admission at Queen's College?

We will say what we think at present may be a retarding cause. We believe that, on its first establishment, the public idea set too much in the direction of its being a supplementary work. Although twelve was named as an admissible age, very few, scarcely any, as we have heard, came who were under fourteen. Parents judged, perhaps wisely, that the discipline was not adapted to those who were younger than this, and the trouble of sending a child in London to take one or two lessons a day in some particular branch of knowledge was considerable. A morning was half consumed, and yet there was not a regular advance in the systematic training of the child's mind. Not only was this practical deficiency felt, but there seemed to be, at that earlier stage, nothing like a regular college course chalked out. Those who compounded took their lessons as they pleased, and had no guidance as to a progressive arrangement. Even among the older pupils considerable difficulty arose from the absence of good preparation.

A great improvement took place after about a year and a half, in a more definite scheme propounded for college instruction during four years. For although no one who compounded was obliged to adhere to the scheme in so far as the number of subjects taught were concerned, yet the pupils were compelled to show their fitness for a first course before entering a second, their second before entering a third, &c. The free pupils were also placed under a far more certain and methodical routine than hitherto.

Another important improvement was in the formation of a preparatory class, or rather of two or three preparatory classes, such as elsewhere it would be most usual to call a school, in alliance with the College. Here the courses of instruction are prescribed, and those pupils who pass on to the College classes are in a state of excellent preparation for the Professors, and there is the additional advantage of giving employment to two governesses, who follow the methods of the College teachers. Now, on inquiry, we learn with reference to this department, that its increase has been constant and regular, while for the present the College classes are not quite so numerously attended as they have sometimes been. So far, however, from considering this as an evil, we rather think the Professors consider it to mark a higher and sounder state of the public mind with regard to their object. It seems to indicate a perception of the advantage of a more systematized scheme of education; and the more any increase in the numbers attending the College classes may be found to emanate from those who have gone through the previous stages, the more satisfactory it will be.

At the same time we greatly doubt whether the actual want of instruction for girls is as yet fairly exhibited by the immediate demand either upon Queen's College or the other colleges. We believe it is felt, in the case of the former, that, even now, distance is a considerable difficulty in sending younger children; and that, although some advantages accrue within certain limits to the union of the two species of establishments beneath one roof, yet those limits are necessarily narrowed by the limitations of the building. Large rooms have, it is true, been added, but there is not and cannot be all the scope desirable for classification among the children, even supposing the difficulty we have mentioned did not intervene. We can conceive of no more beneficial mode of assisting female education than by the multiplication of good day-schools for girls in connexion with or anticipatory of the Colleges, and we believe that this must ultimately be the course pursued. There seems no reason why branches, under good female management, but still making their ultimate appeal to male teachers, in all or nearly all the different departments, should not extend to different parts of London. In fact, we are told that at Queen's College pupil-teachers or tutors are now employed under the superintendence of the Professors at Queen's College for the preparation of some of the lower College classes, which perhaps, were the establishments distinct, would in certain cases be merged in the junior

preparatory classes. However that may be, the employment of these scholars, all of whom we are told are remunerated, and have also opportunities of attending any of the higher College classes, (not interfering with their respective engagements), is a step in the right direction, and must tend to the improvement of the tutors themselves.

Two other Ladies' Colleges have risen up in London since the establishment of Queen's College, Harley-street. One of these owes its origin to the munificent spirit of a lady, and is placed in a locality particularly favourable to its receiving assistance from the Professors of University College. It has numbered most distinguished men among its teachers, and, at this moment, appears to possess a highly efficient staff. Its form of government, and its internal arrangements, appear to be good, and the range of subjects taught is fully equal to that which obtains at Queen's College. That the number of pupils has not as yet nearly equalled those of Harley-street should not, we think, discourage its founders. No doubt can exist in the minds of those who have open ears and eyes, that however liberal may be the spirit in which it has been framed, and however willingly the theological class would be given into the hands of a clergyman for the benefit of young people belonging to the Established Church, the known clerical character of the Institution in Harley-street gives it an advantage in the eyes of church parents. But it is fair also to say, that it should be regarded as, more than Queen's College, an experiment as to whether, a certain number of subjects being given and taught, the public will select and combine *for itself* in sufficient quantities, and for a sufficiently long time, the requisites of a thoroughly good education—in other words, there is less prescription and less, we should conjecture, of oneness and combination.

We cannot learn that a composition, which is not only more economical to the pupils, but affords opportunities of chalking out the best and most efficient courses of instruction, is much adopted here. Above all, we do not see prominently brought forward any such scheme for an education as should, we think, form part of any new plan of this kind.

We should suppose that in the Bedford-square College, as well as at Queen's College, great benefit would result from the introduction of preparatory classes—benefits to the Institution and to the cause of female education. On the other hand, in the City College at Artillery-place, Finsbury, while the preparatory work prospers, the College itself seems rather unmodelled and incomplete. As it is now separated from Queen's College, it must be regarded as, in some measure, a new work; and, in point of numbers, it does not at present certainly meet the wishes of its founders. We cannot conclude without a word of remark on the just hopes excited by the first announcement of Colleges for Ladies, that they would be specially valuable to women, whether younger or older, but particularly to the young, by leading them to continue the work of self-improvement long after the time of school-life was past. This hope and aim will, we trust, never be lost sight of; but whether there will ever be sufficient demand for lectures of this advanced kind to employ a number of able men in an Institution set apart for the purpose is quite another matter. No one, surely, who looks at the different *after* position of men and women in society, can fail to observe how different must be the application of the word College according to the sex of the parties in question. For men, college is desirable as a step to a profession, or as giving a status in society not otherwise attainable. A woman, not intended for governess life, has no such imperative uses for her acquisitions distinctly pointing out 'now or never' as the alternative for making them. There is no strong outward pressure. The smallest matter of convenience will occasion delay, or even a total diversion from the object. Historical or philosophical lectures, it is argued, may be taken up at almost any period in the life of a stay-at-home young lady—one year will do as well as another—she can wait, and she

often does wait, considering the whole affair as a dainty rather than an indispensable meal. The more need is there of solid, real education in earlier years, such as may raise the ideas of what is yet to be learnt in life, and may win the heart to the love of true knowledge for its own sake.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

M. DU BOIS RAYMOND, of Berlin, has been exhibiting at the Royal Institution, before select parties of scientific men, some exceedingly curious and interesting experiments on animal electricity. His apparatus is of the most delicate construction, and although the electric currents have to pass through four miles of wire, the galvanometer needle is deflected in the most marked manner. An account of these experiments has been published by M. Du Bois Raymond in a work entitled '*Untersuchungen über Thierische Elektrizität*;' and we understand that Dr. Bence Jones is about to publish an English translation of them.

The Society of the History of France held its annual meeting a few days ago at Paris, under the presidency of M. de Barente, the historian and academician. The object of this Society is to publish original or revised editions of old documents or works illustrative of the history of France, but which, though of great historical importance, are not sufficiently popular to obtain an extensive sale amongst the public. The Society has already brought out complete and revised editions of 'Gregory of Tours,' 'Eginhard,' 'Orderic Vital,' 'Richer,' 'Villehardouin,' and 'Comynes,' together with a full account of the trial of Joan of Arc, and all the documents connected therewith; also some of the accounts of the silversmiths of the old Kings of France, sundry registers of the Hôtel de Ville, memoirs of different periods, &c. It is now preparing a new edition of Froissart, and is to publish the memoirs of a M. de Cosnac, Archbishop of Aix, which have just been found in manuscript, and which throw a good deal of new light on the reign of Louis XIV.

We have this week to record the death of Mr. George Dollond, the highly respectable optician of St. Paul's Church-yard, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and contributor of a paper some years since to the 'Philosophical Transactions.' He was chiefly known as the grandson of the eminent inventor of achromatic lenses, whose marble bust is in the vestibule at Somerset House. "In 1758," says Mr. Weld, in his 'History of the Royal Society,' "the Copley Medal was given to John Dollond for his curious experiments in discoveries concerning the different refrangibility of the rays of light."

The conference of delegates from local mechanics', literary, and scientific institutions, convened by the Society of Arts, was held on Tuesday, at the Society's room, the Marquis of Lansdowne presiding. The proposal for organizing the Institution throughout the country in close connexion with the London Society, seems to have met with general approbation. It was stated that there are 446 local institutions, of greater or less importance, representing about 70,000 members. Three hundred and fifty of these had responded to the queries in the schedules issued on the suggestion of Mr. Harry Chester. Lords Carlisle, Granville, and Harrowby, the Bishop of Oxford, Sir Charles Eastlake, Sir David Brewster, Mr. Hume, Mr. Leonard Horner, Lord Ebrington, Mr. Babbage, Mr. Dilke, Mr. C. Knight, and other influential men, were present, or took part in the proceedings. The proposal has every prospect of being successfully carried out, and will prove an important movement in the cause of popular education.

The Port Phillip journals continue to report wonderful discoveries in the gold regions. It is said that there are now between 30,000 and 40,000 diggers, and the receipts at Sydney, the last week reported, amounted to 120,750*l*. The discoveries of the precious metal have also extended to Van Diemen's Land. The following is from a letter addressed to us by Mr. Ronald C. Gunn, of Launceston:—"The discovery of gold abundantly in

numerous localities in Port Phillip and New South Wales has utterly unhinged all our labouring population and mechanics. Hundreds are flocking from this, and after a few weeks' absence, great numbers return with hundreds of pounds worth of gold, the result of a few days' labour. Gold is so abundant that everybody seems to succeed in getting plenty of it. At Mount Alexander it is close to the surface, and I have seen some beautiful lumps of from seven to twelve ounces each, but it occurs in all forms. So rapid a way of making fortunes seldom offers, and the result has been that farm labourers, shoemakers, tailors, printers, up to bank clerks, &c., are all "off to the diggings." I have not yet visited them, but will do so in the autumn, and let you know the results, but any accounts you see are hardly exaggerated as to *general results*, although individual cases are not to be relied upon. It will, I presume, attract emigrants to Australia in vast numbers, although not perhaps of the classes most likely to do us good. Still emigrants of *any kind* will be of service."

An address has been issued by the General Committee at Dublin for the memorial to Thomas Moore, to his countrymen in all lands, inviting them to contribute to a monument worthy of the memory of their national poet. "While the author of 'Lalla Rookh,'" they say, "claims the admiration of all who delight in true poetry, the author of the 'Irish Melodies' deserves peculiarly the grateful affection of Irishmen." The people of Belfast are also inviting subscriptions for the erection of an addition to the Belfast Museum, to be called 'The Thompson Room,' as a testimonial to their townsman, the late eminent naturalist of that name. In thus exhibiting the collections presented and bequeathed by Mr. Thompson to the Institution of which he was President, in illustration of his writings on the 'Natural History of Ireland,' an excellent opportunity is afforded of founding a museum of the local fauna and flora. We trust that advantage will be taken of the approaching meeting of the British Association, of which Mr. Thompson was an active member, to aid the good work.

Mr. John Chapman, who has acquired some notoriety during the past month for the active part he has taken in the Booksellers' Question, was summoned to the felon's bar at Bow-street, on Wednesday, by the equally notorious Mr. A. Panizzi, for having neglected to supply the British Museum with a No. of the 'Westminster Review.' It was shown that the non-delivery of this No. was quite accidental, and that Mr. Chapman went to the Museum and explained how it occurred. He, moreover, respectfully urged that the proceedings against him might be withdrawn. The Book-Keeper was, however, inexorable. He owed the publisher a grudge, and had intimated to his clerk as much. Mr. Chapman explained to the magistrate, that there was an allusion to Mr. Panizzi in the 'Review,' founded upon a quotation from the 'Literary Gazette.' Our exposure of this oppressive system of police fines had not, it seems, been agreeable to the government functionary. For the present venial oversight Mr. Chapman was mulct in the sum of 47s. We think if Mr. Panizzi would get to work upon letter B of the Museum Catalogue, his services would be of far more advantage to the country than in manifesting these petty ebullitions of private pique to the country's shame.

The retirement of the Right Hon. David Boyle, Lord Justice General and President of the Court of Session, has caused a tide of promotion to flow towards the Scottish bar. The Lord President, for his long services as judge, and privy councillor, and political supporter, receives a baronetcy. Lord Colonsay (Macneill) steps over the head of Lord Cockburn and other senior judges of the Whig party, and is appointed Lord President. Mr. Anderson, the present Lord Advocate, is raised to the bench. Sheriff Alison, it is said, was offered the vacant judgeship; but a legal obstacle prevented his acceptance, as only practising barristers can be raised to the bench. The historian is to be

henceforth Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., an honour merited by his literary reputation as well as his professional ability. Mr. Disraeli must be glad of the opportunity of so far atoning for his sarcastic criticism of Mr. Alison's style, under the nickname of Mr. Wordy. The Sheriffship of Orkney is offered to Mr. W. E. Ayton, author of 'Lays of the Cavaliers,' Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Edinburgh.

At the meeting of the London Missionary Society last week in Exeter Hall, the secretary, Dr. Tidman, presented to the Lord Mayor Hunter, who presided, a copy of the Bible in the language of Rarotonga. It was translated by the martyr missionary, John Williams, who learned the language in the native huts, and then became their teacher, and the people now read the Scriptures with intelligence and enjoyment. The Lord Mayor in his reply expressed his satisfaction with the present, the more so in remembering that the Court of the Common Council of the city of London had given a donation of 500*l.* to John Williams, in response to his eloquent appeals for aid in carrying out his mission to the islands of the Pacific. Dr. Tidman also presented to the Lord Mayor a curious and important work, the first copy of the Chinese Testament in metal type. Hitherto the blocks used have caused the New Testament to be in five volumes, now the same is in one convenient-sized volume, and can be printed for fourpence. The late Mr. Dyer, a missionary in China, has the credit of this improvement, by which an important instrument is supplied for assisting in the civilization of the Celestial Empire.

A notice has been sent to the French journals from the 'Direction de l'Imprimerie, de la Librairie, et de la Presse,' warning them against the indirect attacks on the Government, under doubtful paragraphs beginning *on dit*, *on annonce*, &c., the use of which will subject to penalty, the same as original articles by known writers.

The first examination for the Duke of Cornwall's scholarships in the Government School of Mines, founded by Prince Albert on behalf of the Prince of Wales, took place last week, when Mr. H. F. Blandford obtained the first scholarship—30*l.* for two years, and Mr. R. Hunt the second, for one year.

As we anticipated, Mr. Fairbairn, of Manchester, has been elected Corresponding Member of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, section of Mechanics, in the room of the late Sir I. Brunel. He obtained 35 votes out of 52. The Academy of Inscriptions et Belles Lettres has elected, by 29 votes out of 34, M. Burnouf, the eminent Oriental scholar, its perpetual secretary, in the room of the late Baron de Walckenaer.

The Earl of Ellesmere, as President of the Asiatic Society, held his first *soirée* for the season on Monday at Bridgewater House, which was attended by many of the most distinguished persons connected with Oriental affairs. The Rajah of Coorg and his suite were among the guests.

The first official Report of the Royal Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 has been printed, and contains an authentic and elaborate narrative of the origin of the design and the early arrangements made for carrying it into execution. It is signed by Prince Albert and by all the Commissioners.

In the library of the late King Louis Philippe, recently sold at Paris, were eight volumes of manuscript written or dictated by Mirabeau, on Montesquieu, Fénelon, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, and other eminent authors, also on Louis XVI., and some few noted individuals. They were purchased for the Bibliothèque Royale of Brussels.

The library of the late Rev. Christopher Anderson, whose death we recently recorded, has been sold this week at Messrs. Tait and Nisbet's rooms, Edinburgh. A copy of Tyndale's 'New Testament' fetched 116*l.*

As there are now no debates to report in France, we propose that our distinguished contemporary, the 'Journal des Débats,' should change its name to the 'Journal des Décrets.'

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ANTIQUARIES.—*May 13th.*—Capt. W. H. Smyth, V.P., in the chair. The business of the evening commenced with the reading of a draft of the alterations in the statutes proposed to be submitted to the ordinary meeting on the 27th of this month. These alterations involve the reduction of the annual subscription of 4 guineas to 2 guineas; the admission fee, from 8 guineas to 5 guineas; and the composition money, from 42*l.* to 26*l.* 5*s.* Mr. Pettigrew rose to require that his notice of a protest against this change should be circulated, with the draft of the proposed alterations, among the Fellows. After some discussion, it was agreed that the notice in question should be given at the foot of the draft of proposed alterations. The hour usually devoted to the reading of communications was consumed in the discussion which took place as to the propriety of ceding this point, and its conformity with the statutes. A very full attendance, from which visitors will be excluded, is expected on the night of the 27th May.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—*May 10th.*—Sir Roderick Murchison, the President, in the chair. Colonel Edward Sabine, R.A.; Lieut. Lyons McLeod, R.N.; and Henry Edwards, Esq., were elected Fellows. The papers read were,—1st. Captain Wm. Allen, R.N., 'Observations taken with the Aneroid in Syria and Palestine.' 2nd. John Crawford, Esq., F.R.S., 'Sketch of the Geography of Borneo.' 3rd. Lieut. Leicester, R.N., 'On the Volcanic Group of Mills.' The President announced that the Catalogue of the books and pamphlets in the library had been published since the last meeting, and that the anniversary meeting would be held at the Society's apartments, on Monday the 24th inst., when the royal medals for the year would be delivered to Dr. John Rae, and to Captain Henry Strachey, and the annual address on the progress of geographical science and discovery would be delivered.

GEOLOGICAL.—*April 21st.*—W. Hopkins, Esq., President, in the chair. C. Twamley, Esq., A. Murray, Esq., and M. W. P. Scott, Esq., were elected Fellows. The following communication was read:—'On the Lower Eocene Tertiary Beds (Thanet sands) of England,' by J. Prestwich, jun., Esq., F.G.S. The author proposes to designate all the beds between the London clay and the chalk as the 'Lower London Tertiaries,' and divides them into three groups:—1. The basement-bed of the London clay; 2. The Prestwich and mottled clays; 3. The Thanet sands, constituting the series hitherto known as the 'Plastic Clay Formation.' The author, however, gives various reasons for objecting to this term, and to this formation being considered as one essentially of fresh water and fluvial origin, without distinct divisions. One section supposed to belong to it—viz., the Poole clays—is placed by him in the Bagshot series. In a former paper the author showed that over the whole of the south of England Tertiary area, the basement-bed of the London clay formed a distinct and constant geological horizon, clearly separating the London clay from the group of strata beneath it. The second group will be described in detail in a future communication. A thick group of sandy beds, underlying the Woolwich fluvialite beds in the south-east of England, and termed by Mr. Prestwich 'the Thanet sands,' forms the third and lowest group of the Lower London Tertiaries. This third group is the subject of the present communication. These sands are of marine origin, and immediately overlie the chalk in Kent, whilst in Berks and Herts the central clays and conglomerates rest on the surface of the chalk. The term 'Thanet sands' is applied to this group in consequence of its being best exhibited and marked by organic remains in the Isle of Thanet and the immediately adjacent districts. These sands form the cliffs at Pegwell Bay, near Ramsgate. They are also well developed at Richborough, Wednesborough Hill, and the Reculvers. They range over the north part of Kent, and through parts of Surrey and Essex. At

the Reculvers, they are about 80 to 90 feet thick; near Canterbury they cannot be much less than 100 feet thick. They then apparently maintain a uniform thickness of from 70 to 80 feet as far as Chatham and Gravesend. At Woolwich they are 60 feet thick. Beneath London their thickness averages from 30 to 40 feet. They then become more rapidly thin towards the west, being only 20 feet thick at Wandsworth, 17 at Isleworth, 7 at Twickenham, and 3 at Cobham, beyond which they disappear. In North Essex they have a thickness of 50 to 60 feet, and in South Essex they are well exhibited at Grays and the neighbourhood. These beds consist of fine, light-coloured, quartzose sand, mixed with more or less argillaceous matter, especially in the lower beds, but never passing into distinct clays. A small proportion of dark green sand also is generally present, which particularly characterises the layer, 2 to 6 feet thick, lying immediately on the chalk, and forming a very marked feature in these lower tertiaries. This basement-bed contains imbedded chalk flints, of various sizes, unbroken and unworn, but almost invariably dyed of a deep olive green colour externally. This colour, observes the author, seems to be not merely a stain, but an actual alteration in the structure of the flint, arising apparently from some chemical decomposition that has led to the formation of a silicate of iron. The Thanet sands have a general uniformity of colour and appearance, being usually light grey or ash-coloured, and sometimes slightly tinged by peroxide of iron, as in the upper beds at Richborough and Herne Bay. They occasionally pass into semi-indurated marls. The fauna of the Thanet sands is both limited in its species and confined in its range. In a few localities only are the fossils at all abundant, and they occur in patches and irregular layers, in which, although the number of individuals is sometimes great, the species are always few. Nevertheless, they form a well-marked and distinct group, a large proportion of which is peculiar to this deposit. The scarcity of organic remains is probably in some part due to the arenaceous character of the beds, so unfavourable to the preservation of shell remains. The characteristic, and by far the most abundant shell is the *Cyprina Morisii*. The *Cucullæa crassatina*, *Thracia oblata*, *Pholadomya caucata*, *Corbula longirostris*, one or two species of *Artemis* or *Cytherea*, a small *Leda*, and a *Natica*, are not uncommon. Other bivalves, five or six genera of Gastropods, and fragmentary fish remains, also occur. Traces of vegetables, in a very fragmentary state, are also met with in plenty. Only 24 determinable species of molluscs have yet been found in the Thanet sands. Of these, 4 are common to the whole of the Eocene series, and 3 more range as high as the London clay. Of the remaining 17 peculiar to the lower tertiaries, 3 extend into the basement-bed of the London clay, whilst as many as 12 are confined to this group. After some observations on the separation of these marine sands from the estuarine beds of Woolwich, and on the local distribution of the *Ostrea Belloracina* in the Woolwich beds of Berks, &c., and on the general extension of the layer of green sand and green-coated flints immediately on the chalk surface, the author went on to remark that the Thanet sands are limited in their range westward to about the parallel of Windsor; but with respect to their range eastward, it is probable that they attain a more important development in the north of France and Belgium than in England; and he referred to their existence beneath the London clay at Calais, their development at Tournay, and their probable identity with some of the tertiary beds in the north of France, not extending, however, so far south as Paris. In his general considerations respecting the distribution of land and water in the south-east of England at the commencement of the tertiary period, Mr. Prestwich showed that strongly marked and abrupt changes in the physical conditions of the district here, as in the north of France and Belgium, characterize the change from the cretaceous to the lower tertiary epoch; and to this the denuded and worn surface of the chalk, and the heaps of chalk flint debris, both rounded

and angular—evidence of long-continued water action—have reference. And he showed that at the commencement of the tertiary period the chalk over the present area of the Weald was either extremely thin, or wanting in part, and that we have at this early epoch evidence of an elevation in that direction of the lower cretaceous series, the destruction of which, together with the middle and lower beds of the chalk, during the deposition of the Thanet sand, supplied the materials for these lower tertiary strata (but not for the London clay). This old denudation is important, inasmuch as it rendered those which subsequently took place during the pleiocene and post-pleiocene periods operations of far less magnitude than they would otherwise have been, and more reconcilable with the present remarkable structure of the Weald. A small extent of dry land probably existed as an island somewhere intermediate between Canterbury and Faversham on the north, and Newhaven and Winchester on the south, and extending eastward into the north of France. The long continued wear on the coast of this chalk island gave rise to extensive littoral accumulations of shingle, which at a later period were scattered over a larger area, probably forming the well-known 'Blackheath pebble bed.' The paper concluded with some further observations relating to the probable course of changes that have taken place in the Wealden area.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Monday*.—Royal Institution, 4 p.m.—(J. Conolly, M.D., on Insanity.)
 — Geographical, 1 p.m.—(Anniversary.)
 — Linnean, 1 p.m.—(Anniversary.)
Tuesday.—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(E. Lankester, M.D., on the Physiology of Plants.)
 — Horticultural, 3 p.m.
 — Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.
 — Zoological, 9 p.m.
Wednesday.—Royal Institution, 4 p.m.—(J. Conolly, M.D., on Insanity.)
 — Society of Arts, 8 p.m.
 — Microscopical, 8 p.m.
 — R. S. Literature, 8½ p.m.
Thursday.—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(R. Westmacott, Esq., R.A., on the History and Practice of Sculpture.)
 — Royal, 8½ p.m.—(Mr. Murray, on the Tides and Tide Beds in the North Sea, with Illustrations.)
 — Antiquaries, 8 p.m.—(Discussion on the Proposed Alterations in the Statutes of the Society.)
 — Numismatic, 7 p.m.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ p.m.—(Dr. Percy, on the Modes of Extracting Gold from its Ores.)
Saturday.—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Professor Faraday, on Points connected with the Non-Metallic Elements.)
 — Medical, 8 p.m.
 — Royal Botanic, 4 p.m.

FINE ARTS.

WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.

WE have already noticed the considerable inequalities displayed in the works of some of the present exhibitors of this Society; among others, this is true of Mr. C. Bentley's works. His *Scene in the Highlands* (51) is a very grand study of natural effects, but almost unmanageably extensive in its involved sheets and clouds of mist. There is a want of concentration about the scene which weakens the effect by dispersing its parts too widely. The *Mountain Scene, North Wales* (8), on the other hand, though less aspiring, is more satisfactory, and seems to be the most favourable specimen of the artist's powers in the collection. The richness, warmth, and beauty of the view are all that can be desired; whilst the arrangement of the open plain and distant hills is quite a model of this sort of composition. The *South Foreland, near Dover* (114), we consider far from satisfactory in the treatment of the water, which is thin and wants breadth in the surface, and the cliffs have a bald appearance. In *Dover from the Channel* (121), the same fault, as to the water, is to be noticed, and in *Granville, Coast of Normandy* (186). In *Caernarvon Castle—Sunset* (111), a too great prevalence of the yellow tint deprives the scene of its force and truth as an accurate natural effect.

Of Mr. William Callow's extensive range of subjects, the one entitled *Looking into the Grand-Place at Lille* (22), is perhaps the most successful. The rich commanding architecture of the square, the gay and crowded market groups, the strange costumes and carriages, are all points of interest which, though coloured with variety and profusion, yet fall into their proper places, at due intervals, by the aid of the aerial perspective, and, suggesting the conditions of nature, make up that illusion which is the merit and attraction of the art. The *Palazzo Barberigo, Venice* (7), is less pleasing, from the hardness of the drawing, and something of that technical mannerism which clings irresistibly to some even experienced artists. In a *Distant View of Ross on the Wye* (52), distance has been gained by the artist's favourite expedient of raising the light near the edge of a dark passage in the foreground, and which, though generally pleasing, combines here with some ill-arranged colour to produce a slight want of harmony. The drawing, however, is full and rich. The *Grand Entrance to Hurstmonceux Castle, Sussex* (69), is finished in a broad, red, uniform tint, beautiful as a piece of drawing, but requiring much boldness and practice in the use of colour to render acceptable to the eye as well as true to nature. The difficulties of treatment have, however, been met with a remarkable degree of success. The *Distant View of Naples* (113) is a scene of great beauty, rendered Italian and imaginative by the introduction of the pine; still, though a beautiful object, it is more conventional than natural as here represented. The effect of this drawing is very complete. Some other subjects, too numerous to discuss at full length, show occasional errors of hardness; or are less important in character than the above. The *Stone Bow, Lincoln* (162), however, is an instance of a dark subject very boldly and well treated. The *Chapel of the Holy Blood, Bruges* (291), is another instance of excellent drawing.

Mr. T. M. Richardson's large picture of *Ben-venue, Loch Katrine* (194), the most aspiring piece of landscape in the collection, possesses two drawbacks to its powerful and grand effect. The figures have not an importance about them worthy their position in the scene; and should have been more carefully treated, or more picturesquely placed. Again, in the colouring of the fir stems, the well-known effect of the light of sunset upon the branches of that tree, producing a deep red, has been here improperly introduced, inasmuch as the sun is not shining at all; and the prominent tint of the stems is at once striking and painful to the eye. It has been omitted in the colouring of a dead tree close at hand, and this has the truth of nature about it. The *Lake of Como* (60) is another painting, the middle and extreme distance of which leave nothing to be wished as to firmness and beauty of execution. The stone-pine in the foreground, however, is not happily treated; its foliage is not correct, though the manner of its introduction is successful; the groups in front also are in keeping with the splendid scene.

Mr. David Cox exhibits a drawing in *Bettles-y-Coed Church* (129), which far exceeds his other contributions, in the masculine and artistic force of its colouring and treatment. The nearly adjoining subject of *Besom Makers gathering Heath* (147), with the same boldness and masterly effect, has less finish, and is perhaps a little too wild and ragged; a smaller picture, called *On the Llugwy* (158), is not beyond the artist's usual style; and many others in the room exhibit well-known instances of his treatment, but are not so conspicuously important as the two above-mentioned.

Mr. George Fripp, in a subject called *A Peep at Hampstead* (77), and in *The Quiet Pool—A Study* (166), has painted nature itself; whilst in *Kirkstall Abbey* (39), he has been unaccountably deficient in the gaiety and brilliancy which such a bright scene requires, and has been hard and mannered in the arrangement of the trees and other objects. The views on the Thames (23 and 317) have a paleness and coldness in the water which render them weak, and moreover without the truth of nature; but an inspection of the whole of this artist's pro-

ductions will show, along with much inequality, some merits which cannot be found in the works of any other water-colour painter of the day.

The pressure of the art season has prevented us hitherto from noticing two prints lately published by Mr. McLean, of the Haymarket. They deserve especial consideration, from being executed in line in the highest style of engraving. One of these, *The Rubber*, after the celebrated picture of Thomas Webster, R.A., is by Mr. Lumb Stocks, an engraver whose works have been long distinguished. In this plate the great and leading merit is that every detail and surface of Mr. Webster's work has been faithfully rendered with scrupulous attention to those principles which devote a particular adaptation of line to every differing texture, whether of stone or iron, clothing or flesh, that has to be represented. In this respect the engraving serves as a guide to the artist, as well as an object of gratification to the connoisseur. The success with which this has been accomplished is very great, we should have been able to say complete, were it not that in certain bright parts, as the faces and hands, the continuity of the line system has been broken off, and a method of dotting introduced, which, either from the dots not being round, or from their being not well mingled with line, give a crude and harsh appearance to these portions. We consider that here the purity of the style has a little degenerated, which in all other respects is unexceptionable. And when we add that the light and shade has been admirably kept, and the difficulties of describing the walls and floor of the chamber very happily mastered, it will be seen that this is a work which, on artistic considerations, no less than from its popular subject, deserves every encouragement. The appearance of a characteristic English scene, the points of which are so strikingly apparent as to need no illustration, treated in the best manner of a favourite artist, and engraved in that style which must ever assert its superiority as a vehicle of art, is an event which we hail with pleasure as a symptom of improving taste.

Of a still higher character is the second work of which we are speaking—a line engraving by Bridoux, after the famous *Holy Family* of Murillo in the National Gallery. This is, in many of its features, the most important engraving that has issued this year in England, and will command a proportionate amount of public attention. The subject, we need not remark, is of the very highest class, and of continental interest. The style of engraving of Bridoux, so admirably adapted to the peculiar handling of Murillo, is well known to the public from his print of the *Conception*, by the same master, in the Louvre, which has been so extensively popular. In point of execution, nothing can be better imagined than the standing figure of the child, or more picturesque than the light and shade of the group of cherubs in the upper part. Varieties of colour, as well as of texture, are attempted in this accomplished engraver's hands, and a feeling of the indescribable richness and splendour of Murillo's light is communicated to this re-production of one of his greatest works. Without being so deep and prominent in contrasts of light and shade as the *Conception*, this print is, perhaps, more refined and gracious; the difficulty of combining the softness of ethereal shapes with firmness in their outlines, sometimes leading to a sacrifice of the latter quality in order to insure the former, and fully to bring out its marvellous success in the treatment of the master.

If the former of these works claims attention from the English public, the latter will infallibly secure it, not only in this country, but in all others where the works of Murillo are known and admired—a field as wide in extent as the domain of literature itself.

The drawing of 1800*l.* worth of prizes by the Art-Union of Glasgow takes place in a few days, and the print to be given to each subscriber is a large handsome mezzotint of *The Heather Belles*, by J. Phillip.

The sale of the famous picture-gallery of the late Marshal Soult commenced in Paris on Wednesday, and excited extraordinary interest. At no picture sale for many years past was there seen such a vast crowd, or so many personages of rank, or representatives of sovereigns, and public picture-galleries. The best part of the collection consists of works of the Spanish school, and amongst them are some renowned Murillos. Of these latter, Murillo's *chef-d'œuvre*, the *Conception of the Virgin*, representing the Virgin with her hands closed on the breast, rising to heaven on clouds directed by cherubims, was put up at 6000*l.* English money, but soon rose to 586,000 francs, or 23,440*l.* That immense sum was given by the Director of the Louvre, and loud applause broke from the French portion of the auditory when they saw the great painting secured for France. The Emperor of Russia bid to 23,400*l.*, and the Marquis of Hertford to 23,200*l.*; but were afraid to go higher. The Emperor of Russia, however, obtained Murillo's *Jesus and Saint John as Children*, for 2620*l.*, and his *Saint Peter in Bonds* for 6040*l.* His Majesty also obtained Sebastian del Piombo's *Christ bearing his Cross* for 1640*l.* Amongst the other remarkable paintings sold were Ribera's *Virgin and Child*, which fetched only 16*l.*; Cano's *Vision of Saint John*, 484*l.*; the same's *Vision of the Lamb*, 102*l.*; ditto's *Vision of God*, 148*l.*; Zurbaran's *Saint Ursula*, 44*l.*, and *Saint Euphemia*, 64*l.*; Ribera's *Saint Sebastian*, 124*l.*; Murillo's *Brigand Stopping a Monk*, 600*l.*; Zurbaran's *Saint Peter and Saint Raymond*, 780*l.*; ditto's *Miracles of the Crucifix*, 780*l.*; Navaretto's *Abraham offering Hospitality to the Angels*, 1000*l.*; Murillo's *Children of the People*, 360*l.*; and Zurbaran's *Saint Romain and Saint Barulas*, 228*l.*

Genschow, a Berlin sculptor, is now occupied upon two statues for the new castle which the Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is building. They are portrait statues of Albert the Great and Magnus the First, Dukes of Schwerin, to be executed in sandstone; the models are said to show considerable talent.

A small figure of Christ, crowned with thorns, standing beside a column, with hands crossed and bound, and the instruments of flagellation by his side, has just been published, drawn by Hübner, and very well lithographed by Roch of Cassel. Hübner is now occupied on designs for a large window of stained glass, to be executed in Saxony and erected in Cracow.

MUSIC.

HALEVY'S *La Juive* was revived at the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA on Thursday. Why, unless it was for the purpose of introducing M. Gueymard to an English audience, as *Lazaro*, we are at a loss to conceive. As a spectacle it is brilliant and imposing enough; and in that shape it has done duty at more than one of our theatres with sufficient success; but as an opera it is too heavy ever to take any hold on public favour. It was tried in 1850, if we remember right, with Viardot as *Rachel*, and Mario as *Lazaro*. Even their talent, combined with a splendour only to be met with at this theatre, could not command popularity for music, in all essentials, essentially unpopular. It is wanting in melody, deficient in design, and its connected portions do not, by their boldness or their breadth, make up for these deficiencies. An occasional dash of originality there unquestionably is; a snatch of melody at times surprises and disappoints us; a trio or sextette promises to achieve something, but dies down into a conventionality heard more than once before. Whether it is a serenade, as in the first act, a trio, as in the second, a quartette, as in the third, a duett or a chorus, the proportions are the same: somewhat that interests, but more that disappoints. The instrumentation is occasionally happy, but for the most part meagre compared with that of other writers of the day. The use of pizzicato in the accompaniments is excessive to an extent that becomes wearying when it once attracts the hearer's notice. There is a drinking chorus, and a divertissement, the music of which are, each

in their degree, excellent; so much so as to lead us to suspect that Halévy would succeed better with lighter subjects than *Juifs* or *Juives*. Even the gorgeousness with which this opera has been put upon the stage, and it is very gorgeous, added to the interest which the first essay of a new singer, and the expectations which were formed of Madame Jullienne's performance, was insufficient to redeem the whole from the feeling of dullness which belongs to it. Madame Jullienne sang extremely well when she did not force her voice, which she did unnecessarily and not unfrequently. Formes did not sing well; his malediction was wanting in dignity and solemnity, it was more like the rage of a bacchanal than the fearful curse of a hierarch of the church. M. Gueymard is a gentlemanly intelligent artist, with a tenor of good quality, but sadly fatigued in its lower notes; not always certain in his intonation; indulging, like Tamberlik, too much in tremolo, and addicted, like Madame Jullienne, too much to violent and excessive straining after effect, but a careful and accomplished singer. He was very flatteringly received and called for. Why was Tamberlik's character of *Leopoldo* transferred to Stigelli? who, by the way, acquitted himself most creditably in it. We trust Tamberlik is not getting above himself. Mdle. Bertrandi made a very fair *Eudossia*.

The *Zauberflöte* is likely to become a standard at the Royal Italian Opera, Anna Zerr gaining nightly on the favour of the public, and Mario, profiting by the hints he has received, taking more pains, and, consequently, producing more effect.

A new singer from Copenhagen, Mdle. Angiolina Rosio, is announced to appear in a few days, so that, notwithstanding Mdle. Wagner's inability to sing, there is no lack of novelty.

At HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE *La Sonnambula* was revived on Thursday with much success. Sofie Cruvelli as *Amina*, Gardoni as *Elvino*, and Belletti as the *Count*, sang each with their usual excellence, and were much applauded. A new dancer from Paris, Mdle. Regina Forle, makes her *début* this evening, and next Saturday a new Spanish dancer, Doña Pepita Oliva, is announced to appear.

MADAME PLEYEL'S CONCERT at the Hanover-square Rooms on Thursday was crowded to excess, to hear this unequalled *artiste* in several of her most difficult and varied performances. Beethoven's concerto in C minor, Mendelssohn's in G minor, with Liszt's fantasia from the *Prophète*, the 'Regatta' from Rossini's *Soirées Musicales*, and the 'Tarantelle,' were all played by her from memory, with an intensity of power, grace, and feeling, so apparently spontaneous as to convey the impression that she was improvising each. The enthusiasm of the audience was unbounded. We cannot name any other performer, male or female, who could have so entirely and completely realised the conceptions of composers so widely apart in point of genius and of style as these, with whom she shows that she is in all points equally at home.

The Third Concert of the MUSICAL UNION, on Tuesday, was brilliantly attended, and most deservedly so. The selection was, like all Mr. Ella's, regulated by sound judgment; Hadyn, Beethoven, Spohr, Chopin, and Mendelssohn each contributing to it. Hallé and Sivori greatly distinguished themselves.

Mr. Salaman presented some of his compositions at a concert given by him on Wednesday at the Hanover-square Rooms, admirably executed by himself, Herr Bohrer, and Signor Sivori.

The next triennial meeting of the Birmingham Musical Festival is announced to take place in September. The oratorios selected for the occasion are the *Messiah*, *Elijah*, and *Samson*, and a portion of Mendelssohn's *Christus*.

A grand musical festival is to be celebrated in the course of the summer in the Hartz Mountains, through the co-operation of the private bands of the small German princes of Weimar, Dessau, and Sondershausen. Herr Liszt, the pianist, has consented to act as conductor.

Benvenuto Cellini, an opera by Berlioz, has been performed at Leipsic.

THE DRAMA.

WE may this week congratulate Mr. Webster and Mr. Mark Lemon, manager and author, upon having tried a bold experiment at the ADELPHI. They have ventured to produce an original three-act play, illustrative of low life without being vulgar, highly dramatic without an oath, and amusing without a single broad offensive double-meaning jest. They are to be honoured for this. We have twice spoken of Mr. Lemon's admirable little comedy at the Haymarket. We attach a yet higher value to his play of *Sea and Land*. It is like the first work of the missionary in a rough land, and will doubtless be of service to the profession. The drama is one of powerful interest, developing no particular stars, but a number of distinctive characters, full of impressive touches of nature and right feeling, and all admirably portrayed. They consist of an heiress of great wealth and impregnable virtue (Miss Chaplin); a lugubrious father suffering incidentally from a false accusation of murder (Mr. Hughes); a bonny country lass, the good angel of the piece, fond of love in a cottage, and of cutting bread and butter for mother (Miss Fitzwilliam); a bluff honest involuntary smuggler, also fond of love in a cottage (Mr. Emery); a villanous merchant (Mr. O. Smith); a dissipated wreck of humanity (Mr. C. J. Smith); a wild ingenuous outcast, full of marvellous touches of nature (Mrs. Keeley); and lastly, a freshwater marine, fond of yachting in smooth water and of his tea (Mr. Wright), with his crew of two accomplished Greenwich pensioners, addicted to hard names (Mr. Paul Bedford and Mr. Cullenford). We shall not divulge the plot, or speak of any of the performers in particular. The play is most appropriately cast, and is well acted by all concerned in it, as a play should be, according to their several abilities.

We observe that Miss Fitzwilliam announces this play for her Benefit, on Wednesday, the 2nd June, together with Haynes Bayley's farce of *My Little Adopted*, in which Mr. John Reeve will appear, *The Loan of a Lover*, with Mr. and Mrs. Keeley in their original characters, and the pretty operetta *Good Night, Signor Pantalon*. This young actress, who has established herself creditably in the profession by her own unaided care and industry, and whom to know is to respect, deserves every encouragement, and we wish her a bumper.

The King of Prussia has summoned Mdlle. Rachel to Berlin to perform before the Czar and the Czarina of Russia.

Mdlle. Levy, an actress of the Théâtre Français, has just become converted from Judaism to Catholicism, and when her engagement shall have expired, intends to enter a convent.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, May 19th.

THE famous M. Libri's condemnation by default, by the Court of Assizes of this city, for stealing by wholesale valuable books and manuscripts from the public libraries, is once again before the public. M. Prosper Merimée, of the Académie Française, has, in a late number of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' published a vehement defence of the condemned, and a fierce denunciation of all who accuse or suspect him. But, without re-opening the facts of this lamentable case (the 'Gazette' has more than once had occasion to detail them), it may be asked why, if M. Libri be so sure of his innocence, he should hesitate to come to Paris to demonstrate it? He cannot urge that a fair trial is not to be had, for his alleged offence is not a political one, and it is only in political cases that French judges display scandalous partiality. In the course of his article M. Merimée makes some very severe remarks on the law officers by whom the prosecution against M. Libri was conducted. This has excited the ire of the judicial functionaries, and M. Merimée is himself to be brought to trial before the Tribunal of Correctional Police, on the charge of having insulted the magistracy for acts done in the discharge of their public duties. The respon-

sible editor of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' is to be tried as his accomplice for having published his lucubration.

The Revolution of 1848, the subsequent agitation, and the *coup d'état* of Bonaparte in December last, had, as is well known, a most disastrous effect on literature. The Revolution not only put an end to the publication of books, but to the writing of *feuilletons*, and the performance of plays; and if authors had not had the resource of turning journalists, Heaven only knows what would have become of them. As it was, however, their losses were very considerable. Alexander Dumas declares that for his part he was 8000*l.* out of pocket, and there is no reason to suppose that he exaggerates. The loss of Sue, Madame Sand, and all the other popular writers, must have been great in proportion, and those of the producers of works of a higher or graver order, greater still. But the December *coup d'état* has been much more formidable,—as it has not only suspended publications, but literally annihilated *feuilletons*, and taken away the resource of newspapers. One little fact will give you an idea of the sore straits to which authors are now reduced:—M. de Lamartine, though of European reputation, has actually been obliged to go round to publishers and booksellers, and to solicit them, as a personal favour, to push the sale of a small periodical he has started under the title 'Le Civilisateur.'

The French have always manifested a strong desire to possess the 'glory,' as they call it, of having been the first to turn to account the application of steam. Solomon de Caus and Papin have heretofore been the pretenders they have put forward for the said glory; but they have not been able to wrest it from the English. They now, however, assert that it is most decidedly to Papin, and to him alone, that it is due; and they base the assertion on the fact that a number of letters, addressed by Papin to Leibnitz, and just discovered in the public library at Hanover, prove that he, some years before his death, which took place in 1710, actually constructed a paddle-wheel steam-boat on the Fulda, in Hesse, and actually proposed to make a voyage with it to England. The alleged experiment is certainly curious, and it is to be wished that the French Institute may throw light upon it by an early publication of the newly discovered letters. But as it is admitted that it came to nothing, will it deprive the English Newcomen and others of their well earned fame?

From Sondershausen we hear that whilst some workmen were employed in digging a well, they were suddenly frightened by a noise like a thunder-clap, which was followed by the earth opening, and a powerful stream of boiling water gushing forth. A chemical professor in the neighbourhood asserts that the heat of the spring is sixty-five degrees of Réaumur, and that it sends forth sixty-three Prussian quarts per minute; a strong smell of sulphur was emitted.

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